

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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## TATE MAY START SUITS

Former Lake Co., Treasurers or Bondsmen May Have to Settle

### MEANS MILLIONS TO STATE

Lake County's former Treasurers were, Murrie, Foote, Gridley, Price, Ames and Westerfield

Will the state take the necessary steps to collect fees from county treasurer who have held the office for the past twenty years? And if so just who will be obliged to settle? And in fact what will be the outcome of the whole matter now that the Supreme Court has ruled that inheritance tax fees belong to neither the county nor the treasurer but to the state? Are the questions that are uppermost in the minds of many of our readers.

Legal opinions differ on the subject at the present time these questions can not be answered with any degree of certainty. In the case of Lake county there seems to be an unusual amount of uncertainty. Those who have held the office in this county during the period above stated are:

John M. Foote (deceased), George S. Gridley, Chicago, L. C. Price, St. Paul, Fred E. Ames, whereabouts unknown, and the retiring treasurer Carl P. Westerfield.

In the case of the latter, the question as to his ownership of the fees has been during his term of office and he has kept the money intact pending the case of the higher courts.

In the case of Foote and Ames, the case of the other disappeared along his \$27,000 shortage hence their names only can be defendants in action that might be taken by the state. In the case of Price and Gridley are still in the country and likely to be ready to answer in any suit of sort that might be started.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to whether or not the state can recover from the bondsmen of Ames for any monies which may be due the state. While some are of opinion that the incident was closed when the bondsmen were forced to make up the \$2,000 discrepancy discovered shortly before Fred Ames died, there are others who maintain just as strongly that this in no way affects any action the state may take.

It is pointed out that the county and state are two entirely different organizations and as such one could not be satisfied simply because the other did not secure a judgment. As an example it is pointed out that simply because one creditor secured judgment against a man this action would be no bar to another creditor stepping in and following the same course.

If this is the case the bondsmen of Ames may be obliged to dig their heels once more despite the fact that they thought the matter was settled when they made up the other shortage. Some legal light contend, however, that such suits would be directed against merely the signers of the state bond and not those who might have been on the county bonds of the various treasurers.

Investigation shows that a county treasurer's bond covers a period of 20 years and is not ended in its responsibility inside of ten years as many believe.

**To Overrule Timidity.**  
Don't believe that you are unable to overcome timidity. You think you are because you have always been able to control conditions and people in your favor. Start the fight for you may find you are alone, and without the money to yourself an audience for your parties.

**Less in the Dark.**  
A woman against her will at Lulu, the judge said it was worth no more, as the kiss was delivered in the

## LUNG MOTOR WINS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION MEDAL

Lake county people who have watched the progress made by the lungmotor manufactured by a company headed by Frank T. Fowler and in which much of Lake county's money has been invested will be greatly interested in the achievement of this wonderful life-saving device.

In communication with Lake county Mr. Fowler says: The day I have longed for has arrived!

The lungmotor was Thursday unanimously awarded the gold medal by the awards committee of the International Safety Exposition which is holding a big convention in this city. This is the highest possible award.

The lungmotor is absolutely the only mechanical respirator which has withstood the mechanical and physiological tests imposed upon it, not missing a single test in the many that it was put to.

The chairman of the awards committee said it one of the few mechanical devices of any kind he had ever inspected which showed perfection in each detail. The little machine kept a woman under water tonight, drawing an enormous crowd to our display in Grand Central Palace.

Frank T. Fowler.

As Mr. Fowler states, this is the biggest achievement of the lungmotor, for while the government has endorsed it and while many associations, medical societies and other organizations have approved it in every way, the greatest desire of the promoters has been to get the gold medal and recognition it brings at this international safety exposition now in New York.

The lungmotor was put up against the pulmotor and other respiratory devices and Mr. Fowler was confident all along that his apparatus would show up with credit and even out-distance what other similar machines might do.

## MILK PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION WILL MEET IN WOODMAN HALL, JAN. 2

The Milk Producers association held a meeting in the Barnstable hall at Lake Villa last Friday afternoon, for the purpose of discussing the ways and means of fighting the tuberculin test and federal quarantine. Not only was this meeting of interest to the members of the association but to every cow owner as well.

Secretary Kittle was present and spoke on the tuberculin test, giving many inside facts of the situation.

It was suggested that each dairyman or cattle owner sign a pledge binding themselves to pay the sum of twenty-five cents per head for the purpose of fighting the test.

Objects which read as follows: "We, the undersigned Cattle Owners and Milk Producers in the district around \_\_\_\_\_, agree to pay into the local treasurer's hands the sum of twenty-five per cent per cow, to be used for the suppression of the tuberculin test proclamation and the federal quarantine, out of which fund our portion of assessments to be made by the Board of Directors of the Milk Producers' Association are to be paid. The first assessments to be ten cents per head and other assessments to be made if, and when needed, were then circulated and were signed by the majority of those present. This plan is being followed in other counties and Lake county, was not slow in falling into line.

The next meeting of the association will be held in the Woodman hall at this place Saturday afternoon, Jan. 2, at one o'clock sharp. Every one interested in the farming or dairying is urged to attend.

### Skim Cream on Bottles.

A novel method of skimming all the cream from milk contained in a bottle or like vessel is to use a large round disk of rubber which takes a slightly concave shape. It being hung upon three light aluminum rods or wires. Slipping the disk in edgewise and below the surface, it then takes the flat position and can be drawn out with all the cream.

### Mrs. Bumpweather Explains.

"I have observed," says Mrs. Bumpweather, "that when I am extra kind to people they think I am easy-going and take advantage of me. But I can well afford to laugh, because it is perfectly true."

### Chicken Thief Wrote Verse.

After cleaning out a chicken coop in Birmingham, Ala., the chicken thief left the following note: "Lord, have mercy on my soul, how many chickens have I stole, last night and the night before, coming back tonight and get 25 more; remember coming back tonight."

## FARMERS WARNED; NO PAY?

Shurtleff Declares That State May Not Reimburse Farmers for Cattle

### WILL INTRODUCE A BILL

Cattle Owners Should Not Give Their Consent to Have Their Cattle Killed by the State

Edward D. Shurtleff issued a warning to farmers Saturday telling them that they should refuse their consent to the slaughter of cattle afflicted with foot and mouth disease as the state may never pay them.

His statement is as follows:

"The foot and mouth disease among cattle—I know nothing about the nature of the disease or how serious it is, nor how much necessity there may be for the slaughter of herds where this disease exists. The State Board of Live Stock commissioners should assume all of the responsibility. The Board of Live Stock commissioners have the authority in all cases where contagious and infectious diseases exist to order the herd slaughtered, if the board deems it necessary to slaughter to stamp out the disease.

"There is no question whatever about the authority and power of the Board of Live Stock commissioners or that the board can order a quarantine as it sees fit. It seems in many cases that the Board of Live Stock commissioners do not like to take the responsibility of ordering a slaughter of herds, but ask the owner to consent to a slaughter and statements are being made to owners by inspectors and others that if owner consents to have herd slaughtered he will be paid for his cattle, that the United States government will pay one half and the state the other half. The owners of the herds should not consent to have them slaughtered on any such promises. Who knows whether the state will pay anything or not? It is a matter of very serious doubt whether the state will appropriate any money for this purpose or not. This draws in the question of paying for cholera hogs, glandered horses, tuberculin tested cows and the various breeders' organizations of the state are already organizing to ask the state to pay for their animals, slaughtered, and to pay the prices of full blooded animals, and all of this together makes it a very serious question whether any animals slaughtered will be paid for by the state, regardless of the position that the members from this district may take favoring such a payment.

State Senator William Compton will introduce in the coming session of the legislature a bill providing that the state pay its share of the six hundred odd thousand dollars in claims filed by farmers whose stock was slaughtered but until it is passed there is always a doubt about it becoming a law and until it does, there is scant chances of any remuneration to the farmers.

### When Was He in the Legislature?

"The legislature, pa—?" "The average legislature, my son," replied J. Fuller Gloom, "is a debating society wherein nobody knows what he is talking about, and does not care anything about what anybody else is talking about."

### Dry Atmosphere.

"I like this quaint little mountain village of yours, Walter. I suppose I can get plenty of oxygen here." "No, sir; we've got local option."—Sacred Heart Review.

### Despise the Little Fears.

Don't be afraid of shadows. They are really not dangerous of themselves, and have often been known to be quite friendly—especially in sweethearts' terms. You were not afraid of them then.

### Optimistic Thought.

One's duty is to accept the challenge of the coming day.

### Recording Sound Waves.

A new German method of recording sound waves employs a lead pencil line of varying thickness, formed on a strip of paper by an electric current influenced by the vibrations.

## FOX LAKE YOUNG MAN IS VICTIM

John Walsh Found Dead in Chicago Rooming House With Woman

### THOUGHT TO BE SUICIDE

Family of Young Man Prostrated Over Terrible Tragedy That Has Fallen Upon the Family

Quite a sensation was sprung in the little village of Fox Lake last week when by a round about way word reached there of the death of one of its residents, John Walsh, who was found dead in a rooming house in Chicago in company with a woman supposed to be Miss Hazel London.

Walsh, had been on jury duty in Waukegan the fore part of the week and it was there that his relatives supposed him to be, but later developments showed that he had borrowed the money thus earned, in advance, from a friend and had evidently taken an afternoon train from Waukegan to Chicago. There he met the lady above mentioned and together they went to a rooming house on West Lake street.

In the morning the landlady detecting the order of escaping gas apparently coming from the room let to Walsh the night before, caused the door to be broken open which resulted in the discovery of the two lifeless bodies. The only means of identification was a hunters license which was issued to John Walsh, Fox Lake, and dated Aug. 27, 1914, and also a post card bearing the same name but addressed to Waukegan. By tracing up these clues his parents were located at Fox Lake and identification was established beyond a doubt.

The father of Walsh immediately took the necessary steps to claim the body.

### Young Couple Spring Surprise

Lester J. Osmond and Helen E. Naber have just revealed the secret of their marriage which took place some time ago. The young couple thinking to spring a surprise on their friends stole away before the fall term of school started and were quietly married. Their parents wishing them to continue with their school work until the end of the first semester decided with them to keep it a secret. But now Lester acknowledges the fact and is setting up by the cigars. The young couple have not made definite plans as yet for the future but after January 1, will make it their home with Mrs. Osmond's parents for a time.

Their many friends are wishing them a long and happy married life.

### What Tuberculosis Costs.

It has been estimated that deaths from tuberculosis cost the nation half a million dollars annually through the loss of wages and the value of the things workers would produce if they were not suffering from the disease. To conquer this enemy of the human race more than \$20,000,000 a year is expended. That the good work is progressing is shown by the fact that in 20 years the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced from 245.1 to 158 per 100,000 population.

### Lemberg and Limburg.

There is but one Lemberg, in Austria-Hungary, the place in Galicia that was recently taken by the Russians. There is a Limburg in Germany, a Limburg in the Netherlands and a Limburg in Belgium.

### Bacon's Good Advice.

Let states that aim at greatness take heed how their nobility and gentry multiply too fast. In coppice woods if you leave your stables too thick you shall never have clean underwood, but scrub and bushes.—Bacon.

### Advice for the Timid.

Don't be afraid to be alone. Until you overcome such fear, you are in a pitiable state of dependence. It means that you must fasten your presence upon some other human being at all times, welcome or not for you will grow selfish in your fear, and ignore the rights of others.

## REPORTS SHOW NO HOOF AND MOUTH DISEASE AT GAGE'S CORNERS

It now develops that the cattle on the Hathorn place at Gages' Corners are not subjects of the hoof and mouth disease as was at one time declared. As will be remembered the cattle were not killed immediately upon discovery of their symptoms but were closely watched for further developments.

On Saturday last Dr. Butterfield, of Libertyville and Dr. McBride of the federal department, went to Gages' Corners where they inspected the 17 cattle on the Hathorne place. When they had finished, they declared without any qualifications that the cows did not have and had not had the disease which some weeks ago it had been stated they were believed to have.

They found that the mouths of a few were sore but their hoofs were not affected in the least. They examined the cows closely and stated later that the sore mouths likely came from eating corn stalks. None of the ones not affected with sore mouths on the first visit of the inspectors were later taken with it, showing that the mouth trouble these cows had was nothing serious or contagious.

Accordingly, the quarantine that was placed on the Hathorne place pending developments in the condition of the cows, was lifted Saturday and farmers in the vicinity are much relieved.

"There isn't a case of the foot and mouth disease in Lake county at the present time. It has all cleared away and I believe the coming of the snow will prevent further spreading of the disease," said Dr. Butterfield in reference to the situation. Dr. Butterfield, as an assistant state veterinarian, is the first man always called in on such cases in this county.

## MANY CASES OF SMALL POX IN VILLAGE OF BRISTOL

It is reported that small pox has broken out in the village of Bristol. Probably a half dozen cases in a light form now exist and it is probable that a number of other people have been exposed. However physicians, declare that there is nothing alarming in the situation. The cases are said to be all of the mildest type and in fact some of the patients are very near recovery.

Prompt measures have been taken to prevent a further spread and all homes afflicted with the disease have been quarantined. The school has been closed, but it is not expected that these conditions will exist for any length of time.

For some time Bristol children have been suffering from chicken-pox and for this reason the physicians in the neighborhood were in doubt when the disease was found among several of the adults of the village.

Dr. Stevens, health officer of Bristol called Dr. McShane by telephone on Thursday afternoon and notified him that he had a number of suspicious cases in the village. Dr. McShane hurried to Bristol and the two physicians made an examination which convinced them that the patients were suffering from a light form of small pox.

Christmas entertainment and social doings have been canceled and it is hoped that the cases may be confined to the homes where they now are.

### Affected the Hair.

The fair creature's head looked like a haystack. Each separate hair stood out. "What's the matter, dear? Your hair is standing on end." I put it up in curl papers last night, and the newspaper I used was filled with horrible crimes."

### Castor Oil Protects Feet.

Castor oil will prevent feet from becoming sore on a long walk. It should be poured on the feet, especially between the toes.

### Arkansas Diamonds.

Since the discovery of diamonds in Arkansas, in 1908, 1,375 stones, aggregating 550 carats, have been found there.

### Sympathy.

Sympathy with pain is not the highest form of sympathy. Anyone can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success. Sympathy with joy intensifies the sum of joy in the world. Sympathy with pain does not really diminish the amount of pain.—Oscar Wilde.

### Wasted Lives.

He that spends his time in sports is like him whose garment is all made of fringes and his meat nothing but sauces; they are healthless, changeable and useless.—Jeremy Taylor.

## COWLIN REMAINS IN JAIL

Olson Fails to Get Man Out of Jail Despite the Pardon of Governor

### SHERIFF REFUSES LIBERTY

Avers that McHenry County Man Must Pay \$900 Fine Before He Will Permit Him His Liberty

Despite vigorous efforts of State Senator Olson, and Attorney V. S. Lumley, Adriel Cowlin is still in the McHenry county jail.

Last week friends of the man serving sentence for illegal sales of malt liquor in dry territory believed they had been victorious in their fight for his freedom. They had a pardon from Governor Dunne, commuting the remainder of the thirty day jail sentence imposed upon Cowlin by Judge Smiley.

When they faced Sheriff Wandrack with the paper, however, they received a set back. Wandrack refused to release Cowlin until a fine more than \$900 had been paid in cash at the rate of \$1.50 a day in the county jail.

State's Attorney Joslyn, who prosecuted the case against Cowlin, has threatened to go before the grand jury to find out what means were used to get what he terms an illegal pardon.

Friends of Cowlin declare that action may be taken against the county official for failure to honor the order of Governor Dunne in refusing freedom to Cowlin.

The full text of the statement issued by Governor in connection with the pardon of Cowlin, which has precipitated a new fight in the McHenry county cleanup campaign, follows:

"In connection with the pardon of Adriel E. Cowlin, this day granted, would state that when application was first made to me I referred the matter to give both sides a full hearing, which hearing was had at Joliet.

"The first recommendation, which is now on file, was that no pardon be granted, and no pardon was granted. Since the first recommendation a statement was signed by the defendant, under oath, in which he solemnly promises not to sell the malt known as 'Tonica' again. Cowlin stated that he had had some of the malt analyzed by a chemist before his conviction and it was pronounced non intoxicating by the chemist and by the mayor of Woodstock who had a test made of the malt.

"In view of the statement made by the state's attorney at the Joliet hearing before the board of pardons that Cowlin can secure his release from imprisonment whenever he will satisfy the trial judge and the state's attorney that he will not re-engage in the sale of malt liquor in anti-saloon territory, and in further view of the fact that said Cowlin has made this offer to the states attorney of McHenry county, and that his release has been refused by the state's attorney I have this day pardoned the said Adriel E. Cowlin upon his solemn promise, in writing before T. H. Brown police magistrate, that he will never again enter into the saloon business or engage in the sale of any spirituous, vinous or malt liquors, or in any way violate the dram shop act as long as the territory in which he lives remains anti-saloon territory."

Surprise was general however, when it was learned that the Sheriff of McHenry county, on the order of the court refused to permit the prisoner to be taken out. However it is thought that some effort will be made to pay the fine and bring about Cowlin's release.

Cowlin is well known, and the details of his incarceration in the McHenry county jail has caused considerable interest.

### More Fruits Should Be Used.

It is rather strange how few people know the medicinal value of our common fruits and vegetables. What a pity more fruits and fruit juices are not used.

### Very Easy.

"It is said that two people can live on less than one. How do you account for it?" "Necessity."



# The Impossible Boy

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

(Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Gypsies and artists, society folk, reckless Bohemians, bold conspirators and a performing bear unite to keep this story pacing down the road to Arcady. From the care-free life of wandering gypsies along the highway you are carried to the strangest, gayest spot in Gotham's fascinating Bohemia.

## CHAPTER I.

### Of Introductions.

"You see, Mr. Jones, so many people are introduced, who never really meet," said Pedro, "that it seems a pity those who could meet have to wait for an introduction, eh?"

Mr. Jones stopped licking his front paws, and raised his head, the tip of his nose twitching attentively. For several moments he looked at Pedro with an unwavering stare, and then, as though suddenly remembering what he had been about, resumed the lavalatorial process. It might be mentioned in passing that Mr. Jones was a small brown bear, fat, young and intelligent. Pedro rolled over in the dried yellow grass, luxuriating in its warmth, and in the poignant odor of autumn foliage turned to flame by long absorption of the summer sun. To the youth lying in the stubby grass life seemed just now to hold all too many possibilities, and he was filled with a sort of self-pity, because he could not grasp them all.

Although it was only mid-afternoon he had already stolen away from Beau-Jean, Rico and the others, in order to fight out the battle of an important decision in privacy. But now that he was alone with his problem and his bear he found himself afraid of the former, and to put off the evil moment when he must think in good earnest he talked to the animal. The lad reached out a slim, brown hand and took up one of the newly laved paws.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said he solemnly. "I am delighted to meet you!—That's how they do it, eh? Now, I call it silly that some one has to say a charm before two others are permitted to make an inquiry after the health! What do you think, Mr. Jones?"

The bear gave a little grunt and thrust his nose into the boy's palm.

"Ah! I knew you would agree," exclaimed Pedro. He gave the creature's ear an affectionate tweak and then spread his slender length upon the ground again.

"I liked that girl," he continued aloud, "you should have seen her, Mr. Jones; she had red hair. Not horrid red, but red-gold like—like joy! All crisp and curling it was. And such a beautiful pale face. She looked at me, you must know, but I did not dare to speak, because she would not have answered, and that would have been a tragedy. Why should she speak to a ragged young man to whom she had never been introduced? Of course, she would not! I wish she had, though, because I liked her. . . . But I could look at her. That was something! There was a line, amigo mio, from her chin to the base of her throat—ah!"

He rolled over again, burying his face in his folded arms. One long sigh escaped him, and then a second, for the mention of that beautiful line from breast to chin had reawakened his subdominant problem—the problem of his future, and of his life work. Happy as he was, he could no longer put off a decision regarding it. The craving to get at the occupation nearest his heart had been gathering strength these many months past and was now straining at the leashes of his will, tearing him from one dearly loved way of life to another, scarcely tried, yet which called him ceaselessly. Was he to continue free—(a mere dancer of bears) but free? Or should he at last become a painter, chained to his work by ties as strong as those which held his bear, for all they would be invisible?

Before his mental vision arose the phantom of what he would fain interpret and depict. . . . The spires of cities, smoke from the altars of commerce, teeming multitudes of men and women. Shops, lights, color, movement, broad boulevards adorned by the equipages of the rich; narrow alleys where the poor jostled and battered at push-carts in the murky flare of lamps; visions of broad roof-tops, spreading acre on acre, mile on mile—a veritable ocean of roofs stretching far as eye could see, covering more pain and passion than the heart could know, more colored with joy than the hand could depict.

But how could he let go the infinite variety of every day? Ah! he could not; it was impossible! Renounce the long, white road that led to nowhere, yet which brought one to a new place each hour? Renounce the nights spent beneath the open heavens: the sweet summer nights among the meadow flowers; the winter twilights, when he and the bear covered down together in the hay of a lonely barn, or if they were rich, procured the privilege of a tavern kitchen with the spoils of the evening's performance? Oh, blessed days of journeying among simple adventures, tramping all through the noon, or loafing long hours and dreaming! Now, it was a group of children, laughing for glee at Mr. Jones' dancing, then a curious crowd in a sordid village street, enticed into merriment and self-forgetfulness by his antics. At another time Mr. Jones, sedate and full of decorous tricks, was solemnly exhibited to the inhabitants of a great country house. And there were the road houses at night. Here he and the bear would dance the "coquette"

(learned in Paris), to the accompaniment of uproarious applause; and the harvest was rich, thrown clinking into the apron of Old Nita, one of the little troupe to which he belonged. Ah! those were the gay nights!

Past the last few months his thoughts flew back to journeyings far and wide: white roads of Lorraine, a theatrical little village near Naples, where Mr. Jones had worsted a rival in combat for honors on a market day; Holland, where the bear had stolen the little wooden shoe from the tulip-selling girl, and where they met the gigantic Beau-Jean, and he, with his wife, Guneviere, and the great, grizzly Koko had joined them. That made a company of six, for already there was Rico, his bear and his Anna, and Nita—that wicked Old Nita, who danced the "coquette" herself when they, bears and all, went late one night to the Bal Bodin in Montmartre. How funny she had looked, dancing, with her shapeless old mouth a-smiling!

Tramp steamers! The smell of them came sharply across the autumn wind. Weeks of motion and of stench, and then at last the dying of the engine-throb, the crowding and the jostling, and the great rush out upon the shore of some new land. On such a voyage it was that Carlos and Hermania had joined them, bringing a cinnamon bear.

Where had not these eight been—what roads they had traveled together under sun and moon!

This host of memories Pedro felt in their essence, in a single breath, as it were, bereft of detail save for some picture—of a small incident or two, trivial, but never to be forgot. The heart of that past life he held for a moment in his own. No! no! he could not give it up. And yet, this other call, which had been with him, it would seem, since birth, was now grown too strong for resistance. Before his eyes he must see the thought of his heart depicted by the labor of his brain and hand. He must paint! He was an artist, an artist!

"I will go!" said Pedro shudderingly. Then, as if shedding the past, he squared his shoulders. "Come!" said he to the animal. "We shall return to camp and tell them what we are going to do."

Not until he was within a hundred yards of the road did Pedro realize that he had been trespassing on what now evinced itself to be a country estate of some pretensions; and at this point the fact was made manifest by the sight of a cedar and fir hedge. Near by was a closed gate, flanked by pillars of old brick and soapstone, giving access to a narrow footpath which wound along at the base of the hill he had just crossed.

Apparently he had been dreaming away the afternoon upon the farming section of the place. The sloping ground which lay between him and the hedge was smooth and soft, and tempted by it, Mr. Jones lay down and rolled a little way. Then he got up and trotted on some distance in advance of his master. The road was very near now, and there came a sound of pattering footsteps from it and the swish of light garments. Through the somber evergreens Pedro could see a gleam of white, moving swiftly. Then came the noise of heavier tramping—a man's step this time—a man in haste at that. Then a woman screamed, her frightened cry ringing out sharply.

The bear, moved to curiosity by the sound, plunged through the hedge and disappeared, and Pedro, grasping his staff like a cudgel, set off down the slope at a run, reaching the hedge only a moment later than the bear. The fragrant branches whipped across the boy's face as he rushed past, emerging breathless upon the highway. A dramatic scene awaited him.

Down the road a thoroughly frightened tramp was speeding from the terrifying and wholly unexpected apparition of the bear, a cloud of dust enveloping his horrified retreat. Close to the gateway, her purse clasped frantically to her bosom, stood a girl, bewildered and alarmed—a girl whom the last sunbeams bathed in glory, gleaming on her hair that was "red-gold, like joy." And to complete the picture, there stood Mr. Jones, erect upon his hind legs, his tongue lolling out and his clumsy paws waving from her to Pedro.

It was an introduction. That she was almost as much frightened by the bear as by the tramp, whose attempted robbery the animal's sudden appearance had frustrated, was clear. At sight of Pedro she screamed again.

"Oh! the bear! Help, help! Oh, take him away!" she cried.

"Abas!" said Pedro sharply, addressing his pet. But Mr. Jones did not obey immediately, and for a moment the three stood as if transfixed. Then the bear dropped to all fours, and the spell of the tableau was broken.

"Oh, how fortunate that you were near!" she began breathlessly. "It was a tramp. He wanted my little silk purse. . . . but the bear frightened him away; he came so suddenly

—the bear did, that is. In another instant that dreadful man would have had my bag. Not that I would have cared so much about the money, you know," she added a trifle apologetically, "but I have registered letters in it for my father. I have just come from the post office, and if they had been lost. . . . but, perhaps, you do not understand English?"

"Oh, yes!" said Pedro, taking his eyes from her slender throat and flashing a brilliant smile at her. "Oh, yes, indeed, I understand you!"

"Then please let me thank you," said she, her interest in him growing every moment.

"But there is nothing for which I may receive thanks!" he protested.

Actually, she seemed to consider the bear's introduction sufficient. Fumblingly he removed his wide, soft hat and clasped it upon his heart with both hands. How she stared! Waiting for him to speak again, she gave her chin a tilt which accentuated that heavenly line. Involuntarily he pictured drapery behind it, his artist's soul longing to depict it. Like a Madonna.

"It should be blue!" he said aloud in a queer, choked voice. "What did you say?" asked the girl with a puzzled expression.

At realization of his speech his confusion became complete, and suddenly his one idea was to escape her watchful eyes.

"—that is to say, er—it was Mr. Jones entirely," he stammered, "I—I did nothing, nada! It was all the bear."

"But he is your bear, evidently," she replied, "and I insist that he share the thanks with you."

"Thank you!" said Pedro eagerly. "You do not know the exquisite delight—er—ah—oh!" Gasping, he sought to extricate himself from the awkwardness of the impulsive compliment he had half-blurted out.

"Forgive me, gracious lady, er—er—I must go now!" he finished lamely.

"Well, I give you my most grateful thanks, whether you take them or not," said she with a smile.

But he was now too embarrassed to rally and did what one often does upon attaining a desired situation: became suddenly panicky and ran away from it.

"I shall hold your words in my heart," said he, and then, with a gesture half beseeching, half apologetic, and wholly graceful, he swept his hat upon his head, and calling the bear, set off down the road.

The wording of his speech was odd and unexpected, and the manner of his departure so precipitant that it looked like a retreat. For as long as he remained in sight she stood gazing after him, her interest in him cemented by his flight. With a sigh she was scarcely conscious of uttering, so faint it was, she reluctantly turned in at the gate in the hedge and went slowly along the little winding path.

## CHAPTER II.

### A Belief in Signs.

But Pedro walked rapidly, so that the bear had difficulty in imitating the pace. The youth had now definitely made up his mind to take the new course of action, for this second vision of the beautiful lady had confirmed his resolution, and he felt he must get back to the others quickly, in order to tell them before he had time to change his mind. As he walked he kept muttering "blue, blue!" and his brows were knit furiously.

He had to pass some villas with a semi-suburban look about them, and then an elm-shaded street, where commerce and conservatism rubbed shoulders. Next, by switching off from this neighborhood, he passed between rows of frame houses, which diminished in their appearance of importance and prosperity the farther he went, until finally the street, if such it could properly be called at this point, was fringed only by shacks that leaned ineffectively over the gutters, or braced themselves at a fearsome angle against the slanting little gardens at their backs.

When these humble habitations came to an end there stood an old barn amid a stony field, scattered over with paper, rubbish and discarded cans. In the lee of the dilapidated building a fire was burning upon the ground, and about it a group of people had gathered. Over the blaze a kettle had been hung, into which an old woman was throwing greens from her apron. Near her, his back against the barn, lay a giant of a man, with a patch over one eye. This was Beau-Jean, the mighty Provencal, who at this moment was engaged in carving an elaborate design upon the base of a bear-stave; while beside him lay the great animal whom he ruled, asleep with its nose tucked under its paws. Two younger women—Gunny, Beau-Jean's wife, and sturdy Hermania, wife of Carlos (who lay asleep near by)—were mending their shoes. At a little distance, Anna, the pretty and irresponsible, was weaving a garland of bright, golden maple leaves. Rico watching adoringly, the while he pretended to

be busy nursing the wounded paw of their animal. At sight and smell of his familiars Mr. Jones trotted up, eagerly sniffing as he came. Old Nita aroused herself at his approach.

"Pedro, you have let him loose again, oh, careless one!" she cried; "some day he will betray you and be off! or, worse yet, stolen."

"Cross Old Nita!" replied Pedro, stepping into the lighted circle and smiling at her. "He is too fond of me to run away—aren't you, old fellow, eh? What's to eat?" he inquired, stooping over the kettle. "Greens! Is that all?"

"There is rye bread—a single loaf," responded Nita. "Thanks to your going off by yourself, we have only taken in a few pesetas all day!"

"You know very well, Aged One," responded Pedro, "that you take in as much alone as with me, or very nearly. And as for going off! . . . Well, I have something to tell you, but all must hear. Let us gather together first, and eat."

So far the conversation had been in Spanish, the native tongue of these two. Now, as the conversation became general, they fell into a patois English, the language of the road, sometimes slipping into French, sometimes back into Spanish, their talk being as polyglot as their origin.

"Now, do you want to hear, eh?" Pedro asked, addressing the company. "If so, I shall tell my plan."

Beau-Jean replied first, in his deep, husky voice.

"Let the little one tell his notion. The plans of Pedro have brought many a laugh, and so many a coin from the crowd on the market street."

"My shoes will not stand another mending," said Hermania. "If Pedro can tell a plan to get others I will heed."

"The lad has wit; did he not conceive the praying trick for Koko?" mumbled Old Nita. "Come, child, what has thy brain devised now to help us?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Pedro. "Why do you say these things on this night of all nights? I cannot endure it! Call me evil names, and abuse me, rather! Please! It is almost too hard for me to do, and yet I must! Amigos! It is for myself only that I am planning—my notion will not help you, alas!"

He buried his face in his hands, and for a moment there was an astonished silence. Such an outburst of emotion on the part of their joyous Pedro was a thing undreamed of by any of them. Into the silence the voice of Old Nita broke tremulously.

"Hast thou sinned, even as I, that thou weepest so? What is it, Pedro of my heart?"

"No, no!" he cried, raising his head. "I have not sinned, but I have seen a line—an exquisite curve from an oval chin to the base of a white throat."

"Ah! In love!" exclaimed Rico and Anna simultaneously.

"No; again no!" cried Pedro. "I do not love it, but I've got to paint it!"

There was another interval of puzzled silence, broken this time by Beau-Jean.

"Oh, little Pedro," said he, "what do you mean by 'paint it'?"

"Just that," said Pedro, striving to conquer his emotion. "I am going to be an artist, a painter. Don't you understand?"

The little group stirred relievedly. This was nothing so terrible, after all. Then for a few moments all spoke at once, voicing their relief. Hermania's query made itself evident above the clamor of the rest.

"But why does this distress you so? Always, always you have made pictures. Pictures of us all, of everybody, of everybody; always, always scribbling little pictures upon bits of paper! Where is the trouble?"

"The trouble comes because I shall have to leave you all," said Pedro sadly. "I must go to the city, where I can have the right things to work with, and colors—colors—colors! I must learn about them. It will be hard, but I can do it."

"Go away! Leave them!" Such a clangor as they raised!

"I have tried not to do this," he said as soon as they let him speak, "but I can't help it. The art—it bosses me now!"

"But where shall you go?" asked Nita.

"To New York; it is nearest," replied Pedro.

"And how will you live?" from Carlos.

"I do not know."

"Who will teach you?" queried Hermania.

"I do not know."

"And those colors, where will you get them?" asked Anna.

"I do not know."

"And knowing nothing, you are yet determined to go?" Beau-Jean demanded.

"Yes," answered Pedro, stubbornly. "Then," said Beau-Jean, with a sigh, "it is our plain duty to help you."

"How will you do so?" asked Pedro eagerly.

"I do not know that, either," responded Beau-Jean.

Next morning the eight set out together for the city. Whatever strange undertaking Pedro was considering, they would all go along and assist if possible. And so, without any idea save that of action, they set forth, determined though indefinite.

The coppers of yesterday were all expended for breakfast, and the first step toward the beginning of a day being accomplished, they betook themselves to the railroad track and walked beside it. But noon came and passed, and still no granite towers loomed before their expectant eyes. Finally, to rest themselves, they turned from the wearying, shining vista of rails, and seated themselves upon the dead grass beside the mile post that bore the discouraging legend:

N. Y. 25 M.—Harrison 1 M.

By this time all were tired and hungry. Worse yet, the bears were hungry—a condition to be reckoned with before the need of the masters.

"Let us go," suggested Pedro, "into the town which this dusty road leads to, and dance the bears, pass the hat, and eat, eh?"

The suggestion needed no seconding. With groans and complaints they got to their feet again, and set off for the village.

But fate was not smiling upon them just then. The town was almost deserted at this hour. Besides which, near the end of the performance, Toto, who was supposed to "sing," raised his voice from his usual growling monotone to a hungry growl. That sent the watchers running off in all directions. Ruefully Old Nita counted the earnings.

"Only seven pennies in all," she complained. "Better to have rested beside the railroad."

"It is not enough to feed one bear, even," remarked Beau-Jean, "and I am as hungry as two."

Meanwhile Pedro was talking to himself. "You got them into this; otherwise they would have traveled the regular way. Now you get them out." Then Pedro noticed a dingy lunch wagon by the broken curb, some fifty feet away. At the entrance to it stood a fat man with a dismal, flabby face. His hands were tucked beneath an apron whose immaculate whiteness shone out conspicuously among the gray surroundings. The man was motionless, as though he had become petrified while waiting for customers who never came.

"Ah!" said Pedro aloud. "I have an idea! Stay where you are, all of you, until I beckon."

Then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he strolled nonchalantly away in the direction of the lunch wagon.

It was a dingy affair, as has been said, and upon its tawdry sides the lettering had grown dim. Still, it was easy enough to make out the inscription:

—The Elite—  
Pies, Coffee, Milk, Frankfurters

Over the doorway was an invitation to "walk in," and underneath this the owner's name—"Isaac Lovejoy, Prop."—had been printed small. Pedro sidled up to the individual who, it would seem, bore this name and title.

"Business thriving 'bout here?" asked Pedro conversationally, by way of an opening.

The man gave him a glance, but without moving to do so.

"Nope!" he replied.

"What! In a place where travelers must pass so often?" Pedro exclaimed, lifting his eyebrows.

"Yep!" said the man, still motionless.

"What is the trouble? Are there no travelers?"

"Travelers, all right," said the fat man, "but no customers! No one stops here!"

"What's the trouble, do you think?" Pedro inquired.

"The lunch-wagon trust!" exclaimed the man. "I'm an independent, I am; but everywhere I go where there might be good business doin'—say a corner near a factory, or any such real, wide-awake place—one of them trust wagons is there before me, all shined up an' covered with gold paint an' plate glass! A fellow like me ain't got no show."

"Why don't you spruce up a little, then, eh?" asked Pedro.

"Why don't you buy somethin' so I'll get the money for to buy the gold paint with?" retorted the other.

"Because I have no money," Pedro replied.

"Same reason here, in answer to your first," cried the fat man triumphantly.

"Supposing, now," said Pedro, "that I could put you on the right track to competing with those trusts, eh?"

"What d'yer mean?" demanded the man.

"Those wagons of the trust—they are all alike?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lovejoy, "all the same; and very alike and fancy."

"Ah! Then what you want is something entirely different from

them; something to make people notice you."

"Sure, but what?"

"That," replied Pedro, "is just what I can tell you. I have a proposition to make."

The man scowled at him for a moment, as though wondering at the imprudence of this whippersnapper's offering to deal with him. Then Pedro looked at him, and smiled one of those vivid, startling smiles that were peculiar to him, and usually took people unawares, making them smile back at him before they really knew what they were doing. Nor did it fail this time. The flaccid face of the lunch-wagon man expanded into a broad grin.

"That's it!" exclaimed Pedro.

"That's what?" asked the man, growing serious again.

"Oh, don't spoil it!" cried the lad, "that smile is just what you need to attract customers!"

"This time the man laughed.

"Well," said he, "what is your proposition, young one?"

"I have some friends with me," began Pedro; "all those over there and the bears. We are all hungry, see? Now I will paint you a picture on the side of your wagon, and also I will paint for you a new sign; and if, when I have finished, you agree that the sign and the picture will bring you customers in the future, you will feed us all, not forgetting the bears, eh?"

The fat man considered a long time before replying, and Pedro watched him anxiously.

"Well," he said at last, "the old dog-wagon couldn't look no worse'n it do now; an' my stock what I have laid in will get spoiled if it don't get eat. You can have a try, young one, if you like."

"Hurrah!" said Pedro, and hurried over to tell Nita and the others.

A musty hardware store that also sold grain and lumber, furnished a few crude materials. The fat man paid for them, and Pedro carried them over to the cart and set to work.

"Please, one thing," he begged of its proprietor, "don't you look till all is finished."

"All right," agreed the man, "I'll sit here, just inside the door, and read over the paper till you're done."

Pedro answered nothing, but gave a glance at a little mirror that hung just opposite to where the unconscious Mr. Lovejoy sat, whipped off the old green coat and began working frantically.

The proprietor settled himself on the little stool near the door, and, faithful to his promise, unfolded a pink evening paper. Cautiously, and speaking not at all, Old Nita drew near, leading Mr. Jones. They sat down in the dust beside the step and watched Pedro in silence. Then came Beau-Jean and Koko, followed by Gunny, who settled themselves beside the old woman. Before half an hour was gone all the town, for the first time in the lunch-wagon's history, had clustered before its door. As for Pedro, he had forgotten that there was a world which might come to gape and criticize. He was working.

But if the painter was unconscious of the crowd, the proprietor was not. Twice he wanted to move, but dared not; and as the crowd increased, so did his impatience.

For half an hour longer or more Pedro worked, glancing now and then at the little mirror just inside the door, in which Mr. Lovejoy's unconscious face was reflected. There began to be an occasional tittering from the crowd, and then, later, spontaneous bursts of laughter.

"When kin I come out?" cried Mr. Lovejoy at intervals, and—

"Wait," commanded Pedro. Feverishly he added the finishing touches to his production, and then at length stood back and invited his patron to descend. As the fat man came down the steps there was a little burst of applause which he was at a loss to understand until he stood before his transformed place of business.

All the old lettering, already faint, had been obliterated, and in the center of the largest space was a portrait head of himself—a large, laughing portrait, just like him, yet irresistibly merry. It was a face at which one instantly smiled in sympathy; indeed it wore the very "smile to attract customers," as Pedro had said. Over this extraordinary production Pedro had painted in neat, black letters:

I. Lovejoy  
Eating Is Joyful  
Come In and Eat—  
I Love to See You Do It  
Then underneath:

Lovejoy's Luscious Lunches

After a moment of spellbound silence, the fat man drew a long breath.

"You win!" he said to Pedro, a smile like that in the picture over spreading his large countenance.

In a second the square was in uproar, the crowd expressing its delight noisily. Mr. Lovejoy fed them all generously. Then, just as the weary Pedro was accepting a cup of coffee and a gigantic plateful of doughnuts from the hand of his patron, the whirl of an automobile caused him to look around. All unperceived, it had been standing near for some time and now beatified itself at the approach of the train it had come to meet. As it moved away, a girl in rear seat stood up for a last backward look at the little crowd, and the dro beheld a fleeting vision of gold hair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

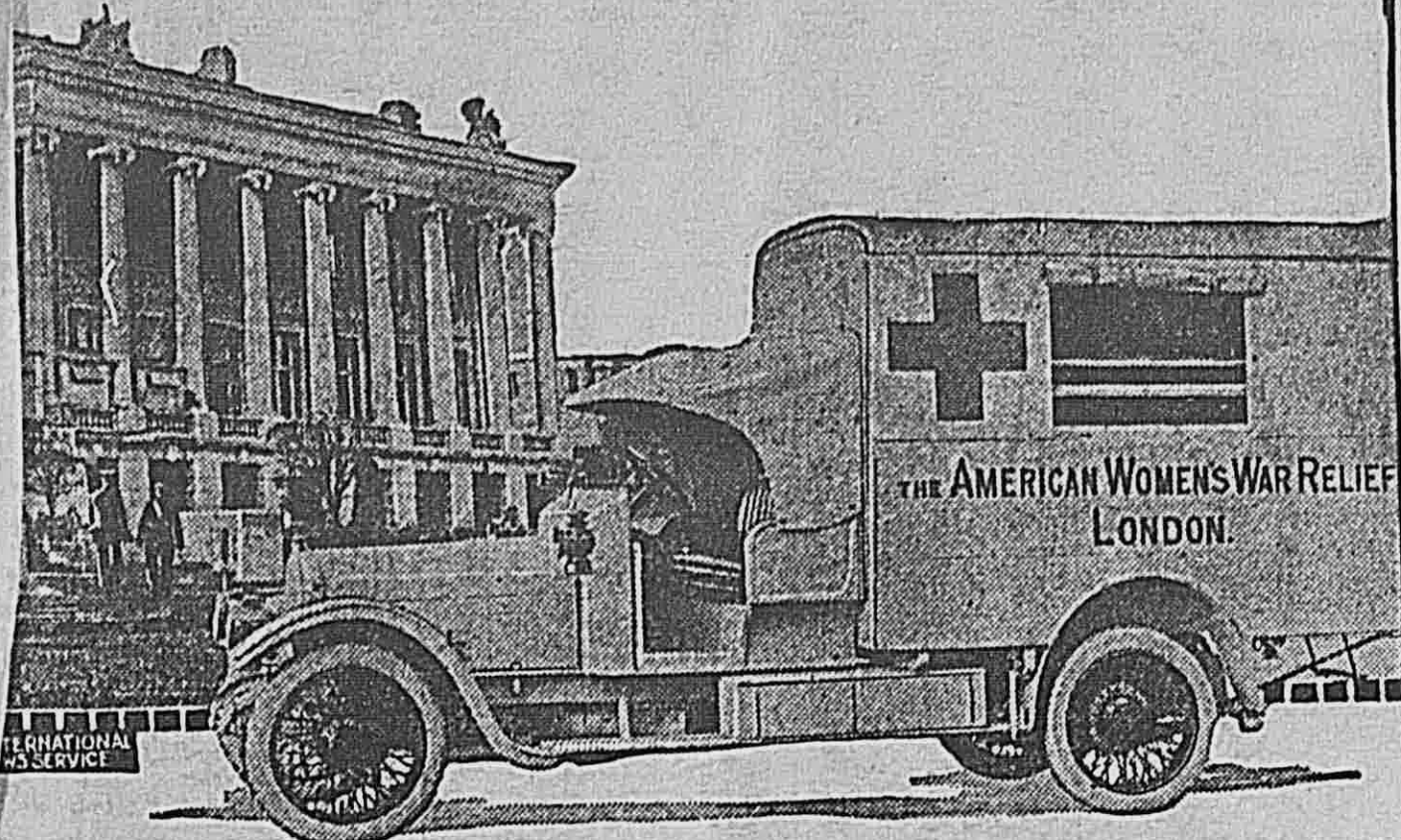
Marvels of Science.

"Some day we'll be telephoning through the air without wires."

"Maybe. But won't it seem queer to have an operator call back to and say, 'The air is busy now!'"



## AMERICAN HELP FOR WOUNDED BRITISH



A motor ambulance like the one in this photograph have been given to the British war office by the American War Relief fund. With their fittings they cost about \$20,000. At the left is Oldway house, the residence of E. Singer in Devonshire, transformed into the American Red Cross hospital.

## ARMY USES STAGE TRICK TO SWELL PROCESSION OF PRISONERS

Order to Give Air of Verisimilitude to Tales of Foe's Regiments Annihilated, Trainloads of Captives Are Sent Through Same Town Many Times—Belgian Trooper Becomes Peeved at Twelfth Trip Through Aix-la-Chapelle.

London.—It is a relief to extract a little humor out of this tragic war. Such and English alike are wondering, and laughing not a little, at the enormous number of prisoners taken by the Germans, according to their reports, are capturing, both east and west. If they had taken as many prisoners as they say they have they would have no enemy to fight. But the plan is simple enough. Take one instance. A Swiss who was at Aix-la-Chapelle the beginning of this month, and who is now at Basle, writes: "The German government is very generous in its efforts to keep up the spirits of the population. It reports the annihilation of regiment after regiment daily, and in order to foster the delusion it has to produce formidable convoys of French, British and Belgian prisoners. Aix-la-Chapelle is a spectacular spot chosen. It is the nearest railway station in the German zone. The German government long trains loads of prisoners to this junction going east. You can imagine how impressive. You can also imagine how seriously the newspaper correspondents record the incident in their reports. In the name of heaven! the captain, 'get back to your 75's. Cut the pig in two.' The British Solomon had solved the difficulty and both battalions had pork for supper that night."

Germania Without Humor. Describing the conditions surrounding the British army, a lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical corps, writing home, says: "In front of us are the German trenches, only a hundred yards away. A bobbing head, a shaking fist, an occasional spade wave, bespeak the presence of our foe. Yesterday one of our merry men fixed up a target. On white paper he drew a bull's-eye with a charred stick, tied it on a cardboard box, placed it in front of the trench and with flag behind recorded the misses of our friend Fritz. I feel sure that if in those trenches we had a more humorous foe instead of the phlegmatic Teuton we might pass away many of the weary hours of watching in friendly joke. But we are up against a wary foe. There is no leisure, for barbed wire, artfully contrived hoops and loopholes forever claim the attention of our brave men."

There are times, though, even under fire, when the humor of our soldiers bursts forth. On one occasion, after a German shell had fired some wood, our men, seeing the fire, seized the opportunity to cook their food. Yesterday I heard an amusing story under trying circumstances told concerning a man in the regiment lying in the thin red line next to us. Shrapnel had burst, killing two men on his left and badly shattering another. He was trying to light a pipe, and having some difficulty he said to his mate, 'Sure 'tis Belgian tobacco, and these French matches will be the death of me.'

German Shot Spills Milk. "I sometimes help the officers to censor the men's letters home. One man says, 'We shall have shells for breakfast—not egg-shells. I shall be in Berlin in a fortnight, and I'll send you some sausages.' I overheard on the march one 'Pat' say to another, 'I never believe anything I hear, and only half of what I say.'"

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## MAN IS BURIED ALIVE IN WELL

Pennsylvania Farmer Imprisoned Under Arch of Tons of Earth and Stone.

### DIRECTS OWN RESCUE

Strain of Spending 18 Hours Under 35 Feet of Fallen Wall Prove Too Great for Chapman and His Heart Fails.

Wheatst, Pa.—Imprisonment for 18 hours under tons of earth in an old 32-foot well so seriously affected William Chapman of Wheatst that he died a few minutes before he was dug out, after directing the efforts of rescuers for several hours. Physicians worked for an hour with a pulmotor and oxygen, but failed to revive Mr. Chapman. It is believed his heart failed when he felt the hand of the first rescuer to reach him and that death followed instantly.

Mr. Chapman was a farmer and was also employed as engineer in the workings of the Penn Sand & Gravel company of Tullytown. He was a sturdy man of middle age, in excellent health.

Well Caves In. Because of recent rains, Mr. Chapman was unable to work in the Penn quarries and determined to make some repairs in the well on the farm he had rented. He was descending the slippery wall when two large stones slipped from their places in the wall of the well and precipitated him to the bottom, following which the sides caved in on him. Mrs. Chapman, who was in the house, heard the crash and rushed to the well.

It is believed that when the wall of the well collapsed the stones formed an arch, thus saving Mr. Chapman from instant death. In his narrow prison he obtained air through crevices in the rocks and was able to make such sounds that his relatives and friends knew he was alive.

Men Worked Frantically for Hours. For 18 hours men worked in relays of four hours each removing earth and stones from the well. Several times



Precipitated Him to the Bottom.

they were driven from their task by cave-ins caused by heavy rains. Finally they were within a few feet of Mr. Chapman. He directed their efforts, took nourishment through a tube, spoke words of comfort to his wife and appeared to be both rational and sound.

Soon the workmen reached the last layer of stone. Some worked at the stone while others slipped their hands through crevices and supported Chapman. Even then he appeared to be able to help himself, but when the last rocks were removed and Chapman was taken from the well he was dead, having succumbed just as assurances of safety reached him.

### HAIR CUT OFF AS SHE SLEPT

Girl Awakes to Find Her Tresses, the Family's Pride, Gone—Act of Revenge.

Orange, N. J.—When Mary Carnova, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Antonio Carnova of 12 Forest street, Orange, awoke one morning recently she found that her long black hair, which was of exceptional beauty and the pride of the family, had been cut off. She did not know how or when she had been despoiled.

The police arrested Polo Crispy, aged fifty-one, a boarder at the Carnova home, but Carnova would not believe Crispy was guilty, and the charge against him was dismissed. Chief of Police Drabell believes that the hair was cut off for revenge by some enemy of the girl's father.

Wife Killed Babies and Herself. Thayer, Kan.—Mrs. Leo Moore, who had been deserted by her husband, killed her two small children and then committed suicide. The bodies of all three were found in a well.

### COSTLY METHOD OF REVENGE

Procedure in Europe Reminded Andrew Carnegie of a Somewhat Humorous Incident.

Andrew Carnegie, in a recent interview on peace, said to a New York reporter:

"A lad twenty killed a man and woman in Sarajevo. All Europe is now fighting to avenge this wrong. England alone is spending \$35,000 a minute, according to Sidney Webb, on gunpowder."

"Well, this is such an expensive way to avenge a wrong that it reminds me of the man at the banquet."

"A man entered the cloakroom, at the end of a banquet, and began to smash in silk hats after silk hats."

"Hold on, boss! What for 'yo' smash in all dem high hats?" demanded the attendant.

"I'm looking for my own," the gentleman answered. "It's an opera hat—collapsible, you know. None of these seem to be it."

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An atomizer for perfumery small enough to be carried in a pocketbook is a novelty from Europe.

What will his Satanic majesty do when the fuel supply is exhausted?

### Fatima Cigarettes

mild, delightful Turkish-Blend. The choicest of leaf—always a pure and wholesome smoke—always satisfactory.

"Distinctively Individual"

Liggatt & Myers Tobacco Co.



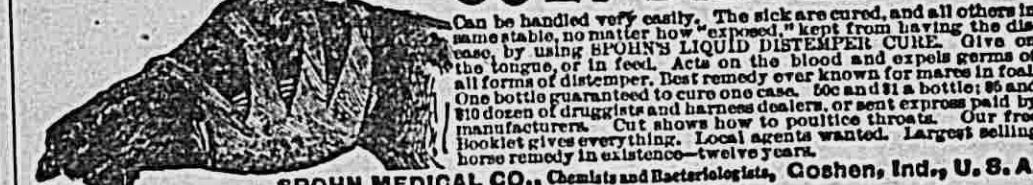
### 160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre—get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada, but there is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service in the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.; M. V. MacInnes, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents.

### COLT DISTEMPER



Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others are made healthy, no matter how "spoiled" kept from having the disease, by using SPONN'S COLT DISTEMPER. Cures all forms of distemper, diphtheria, and all other diseases of the horse. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is guaranteed to cure one case. For a full description of the disease, and how to handle it, write for a booklet. Cures all forms of distemper, diphtheria, and all other diseases of the horse. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is guaranteed to cure one case. For a full description of the disease, and how to handle it, write for a booklet.

SPONN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Coshens, Ind., U.S.A.

Quite Safe. "What did that man want with you, Henry?" "He was after my scalp." "Goodness gracious!" "Don't be frightened. He's only a hair specialist."

At the First Signs. Of falling hair get Cuticura. It works wonders. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book, address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

War Styles. "Have you heard anything about the fall fashions as yet?" "Not as to how the gowns will be made. I suppose the girls are bound to wear cartridge belts, of course."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The View. "There is a story in that face!" "You must be seeing it out of the tale of your eye."

Don't Persecute Your Bowels. Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature *Wm. Wood*

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED. By Carter's Little Liver Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable, preferred by Western stockmen, because they prevent, where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. Bottle size, Blackie Pills \$1.00, 50-dose size, Blackie Pills 4.50. Use any injector, but Carter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to their 10 years of specializing in vaccines and sera only. Insist on Cutter's. It is unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

EVERYBODY suffering from flatulence, indigestion, constipation, bleeding, itching, write for trial. Positive painless cure. S. H. Tracy, Auburn, Me.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 52-1914.

### Florida Chicken Farms

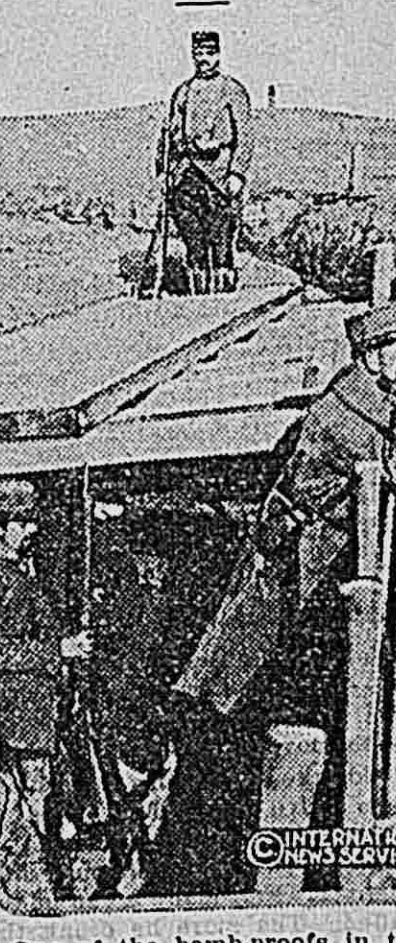
5 acres for \$150, \$10 cash, \$5 per month. A proven success. Near the big Jacksonville market. Driving distance of Jacksonville. 6 years development; 700 families enjoying these schools, churches, telephones, roads, etc. GUARANTEED. JACKSONVILLE HEIGHTS IMPROVEMENT CO., St. James Bldg., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

PATENTS. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

AGENTS—Fastest seller ever offered. Send 10¢ for sample of our special 60¢ guaranteed alkali and proposition. G. A. G. NOVELTY CO., BOX 420, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

WANTED. District manager with capital and experience. Exclusive territory. Quick selling automobile accessories. References required. Christmas & Frost, Rochester, N.Y.

### A FRENCH BOMB-PROOF



One of the bomb-proofs in the advanced trenches on the eastern front.

### QUEEN'S MAIL IS CENSORED

Letters From Her Son, Prince of Wales, Read by Officials of the War Office.

London.—The prince of Wales, during his first week at the front, sent two long letters to his mother relating his experiences and observations. Both letters were opened by the censor and officially passed in the same manner as those of the ordinary soldier.

### PAID BY FRANCE

Bears Cost of Auxiliary Corps Even to the Provisioning.

The Berliner Tageblatt an account of a wounded officer upon his return from the front, which he says:

Each government bears the cost of the British auxiliary corps man getting four francs for each day on which no

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A. B. JOHNSON, Editor & Prop.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914

## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Pupils neither absent nor tardy during the past month.

**High School**—Anna Drom, Leland Watson, Charles Horan, Russell Smith, Charles Tiffany, Harold Hughes, Daniel Lewis, Jannette Wallace, Viola Kuhnaupt, Pearl Harrower, Marie Johnson, Ruth Pollock, Jennie Willett, Walter Forbrick, Madelyn Strang and Marguerite McCullough.

**Eighth Grade**—Lucile Mathews, Edna Richards, Ruth Kinrade, Irene Savage, Mabel Barthel, Louise Dupre, Marguerite Drom, Wm. Morley, Earl Somerville, Raymond Taylor, Merrill Sabin.

**Seventh Grade**—Carl Barthel, Grace and Edwin Drom, James Dunn, Virgil Felter, Irene and George Keulman, Vera Kinrade, Elsie Panowski, Virginia Radtke, Genevieve Pierce, Alonza and Jessie Rynard, Marguerite Savage, Lena Spafford, Susan Tiffany, Walter Harrower, Mildred LaPlant, Ralph James, Elizabeth Tenbroggan, Philip and Luther Hester, Leroy Dibble, Myrtle Haynes, Gerald Pierce, Frank Spangard, Mona Taylor, John Beebe, Priscilla Conrad, Emogene Chinn, Willard Chinn, Edward Girard, Valleta Hanneman, Phyllis Morley, Elmer Webb, Maurice Radtke.

**First and Second Grades**—Edith Edgar, Irene and Helen Kettlehut, Sammy Levinson, Myrtle Norman, Clare and Ruth Armstrong, Eunice Hill, Linn Dalziel, Olive Dibble, Aretas Keulman, Arthur Wertz, Charles Alvers, Joseph Kret, John Olson, Martha Hillebrand, Gladys Barthel, Georgia Bacon, Egan and Viola Christensen, John O'Brien, Wm. Volkman, Robert Morley, Myrtle Peterson, Lillian Hanke, Susan Feltham, George Smith.

Those whose average was 90 or above.  
**High School**—Jennie Willett, Daniel Lewis, Ruth Pollock, Madelyn Strang, Geo. Lewis, Walter Forbrick, Marguerite McCullough, Laurel Powles, Elmer Harrower, Leland Watson, Jannette Wallace, Elsie Herman, Ernest Cox, Charles Horan.

**Eighth Grade**—Marguerite Drom, Gladys Panowski, Edna Richards, Irene Savage, Lucile Mathews, Ruth Kinrade, Merrill Sabin, Raymond Taylor, Mabel Barthel.

### Draw Your Own Conclusions.

"Why," asked the weary-looking woman, "do you constantly refer to yourself as the goat of this household?" "Because," replied the irritable man, in a loud tone of voice, "a goat is supposed to be able to eat anything and act as if he enjoyed it."—Washington Star.

### Think Satan a Good Workman.

Between England and Scotland stand the ruins of the old Roman wall, known as the Devil's Wall, owing to the belief of the peasantry that, on account of the firmness of the stones, Satan had a hand in its construction.

### Interested at Once.

"My dear, you ought to pass up frivolous things and take an interest in deep subjects. Take history, for instance. Gessler, the tyrant, put up a hat for the Swiss to salute." The lady was a trifle interested. "How was it trimmed?" she inquired.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## News to Advance Price

On account of the advance in price of paper, ink, etc., and in fact, everything that goes to make up a newspaper, we will, on and after January first, 1915, be obliged to raise the price of The News to \$1.50 per year, an advance of fifty cents per year over the old rate. At the same time that we advance the price, we will also double our efforts in getting out a first class, new paper, and will, we feel sure succeed in giving the money's worth of reading matter, as well as satisfaction to each and every one of our subscribers.

Before the new rate become effective we make the following offer: To any new subscriber who enters their name on our list prior to January first next, we will for one year accept the present rate, \$1.00. Or any of our old subscribers who pay up all arrears and one year in advance, before the first of January, 1915, will also come under the old rate. Any one paying after the first of the year will be charged the new rate of \$1.50.

## AT THE BAZAAR

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"It's the first really American thing I've seen the girls take an interest in," remarked young George Cameron. He was selecting a tie to match the border on his handkerchief and the stripe in his shirt.

"It is patriotic, isn't it?" acquiesced Willis Moore, as he twirled his stick like a drum major. "I fancy the bazaar will be a jolly bore though."

His friend turned on him. "Not at all. The prettiest things in town are to be models and they'll be diked in cotton from top to toe. Being well-known—get that?—cotton brokers, you and I will be expected to attend and give our support."

"I think you'll give a good deal of tone with all those matched-up rags of yours," Moore twitted his friend.

"Me for the cotton bazaar, rags or no rags. Come on!"

The two men left the bachelor apartment and found their way to the armory where the great cotton bazaar was being held by the women of the town. Cotton was to be on exhibition and for sale in every conceivable form to educate the public in its uses and in this way help the country to dispose of its output in view of the European war.

George Cameron and Willis Moore stood astonished at the doors as they approached. There were crowds everywhere, and not even the regiment on dress parade had brought so many outsiders to the armory building.

"Some bazaar," laughed Moore.

The two men strolled about from one exhibit to another. Cameron was interested in the bazaar purely from a business standpoint and he took pleasure in learning of new uses for cotton. Willis Moore, he admitted it, was as much interested in the pretty girls displaying their wares and acting as models for various cotton garments as he was in the exhibition from its practical point of view.

"Cotton gloves! Gentlemen's cotton evening gloves!" said a pleasant voice from within a booth.

Cameron would have gone on, but his friend turned to the girl and he could not do otherwise than follow.

"They don't look so bad, eh, George?" Willis said, taking a pair from the girl's hand.

Cameron looked at them and then into the face of the girl who was offering them for sale. He stopped short and dropped the gloves on the floor.

Seeing that he was a fifth wheel on the wagon, Moore stepped on, and his friend went nearer to the glove booth. There was no other girl at the stand but the one who had offered the pair that still lay on the floor. Cameron, as if suddenly recalling the gloves, stepped back and picked them up. "I'll buy this pair, Helen, since I've soiled them by my stupidity."

"Oh," laughed the girl, "you needn't—unless you like. But—I think they're your size."

"It's strange to find you helping with anything so—so useful and patriotic and—thriftily, I might say," George said, a little bitterly.

"Not nowadays," Helen said promptly, not noticing the bitter note in his voice.

"You've changed?"

Helen gave a series of decisive nods. "Very much," she said, slowly. "I regret those frivolous years. I realize now that there is so much to do in the world besides thinking of one's own pleasure. I'm as busy as possible now—since father lost so much of his business on account of the war—helping wherever I can."

"Helen—" interrupted George. But she stopped him.

"Oh—I don't need to earn bread and butter, George, but I need to help others who have to earn it."

"Don't say any more. Let me come to see you again, Helen, and—"

"Buying up the whole stock, George?" interrupted Willis Moore, irrelevantly, stepping up to them.

"Will you?" whispered George.

Helen nodded, laughing. George introduced Willis Moore to her and the three talked of nothing for a few moments.

The cotton show now held just one interest for George Cameron, and on the following night he went to it again to take the fair glove saleswoman home and to tell her all that he had wanted to tell her for three years. She listened and said yes all over again.

When George told his friend Willis Moore about his engagement the young man said, characteristically:

"So it was you who had to 'cotton' on to something at the show—not yours truly, after all? Shake."

### Auto Beats the Wink.

"What did you think of the motor car race, Pat?"

"I didn't see it."

"You didn't see it? Why, I saw you at the track."

"Yes, I was at the track; but I had to wink just at the wrong time, and when I got thru the race was over."

Judge.

### Seeking Knowledge.

"I wish there was some way of knowing all about the pronunciation of the queer names we encounter in the news."

"Here is a list showing how every one of them is pronounced."

"Yes. But what I want to know is how you pronounce the way that they are pronounced."

## PARTED BY FATE

By GENE SHEAR.

"He's the very nicest man I know!" mourned the girl with the yellow hair. "And I keep on treating him as though he belonged in the back yard of civilization! It's awful!"

"Are you talking backward?" inquired the girl in the green suit.

"If it keeps on," proceeded the girl with the yellow hair, "I think I shall lose my mind! Some flax is mixing up my fate—some enemy has hoodwinked me! I tell you, the instant I met Alfred I had a sort of shock. Something told me that here was the man I had been waiting for all my life."

"I should think so," breathed her friend. "He gets a salary of \$10,000, doesn't you say?"

"It was Alfred's personality," indignantly asserted the yellow-haired girl. "I hope you realize I am not mercenary enough to be influenced by anything his cousin may have told me! I could see by his expression that he was a wonderful man. And his silk socks and his tie matched perfectly. I think you can tell so much by those little individualities! Don't you?"

"But listen! Just when I had it all fixed to ride in the same auto with him his cousin called him away to ride in hers to the beach picnic. And then, when I was about to sit beside him at the campfire, one of the men called him away to carry wood, and before he got back Arty Manners had flopped down in his place—and all I could do was give him a sad smile across the blaze. Even that was spoiled, because just as he caught my eye somebody dropped a plate of sandwiches on his head in passing, and nothing annoys a man like being mussed up that way."

"He did call to see me before he went back to New York—and arrived when our living room was full of some ancient relatives, whom we



"I Think I Shall Lose My Mind."

have to be nice to because they own a mine that may pay out well some day—and my total conversation with him consisted of 'Why, how do you do!' and 'Good night!' The rest of the time Uncle Benjamin was explaining to him how to get 80 bushels of potatoes from an acre instead of 40. Alfred is in the wholesale dry goods business, and, of course, was intensely interested in the potatoes.

"He sent me a ten-pound box of candy on my birthday, and I wrote him a perfectly beautiful letter, which he never answered. That was because he never got it. That monogrammed expression of thanks is probably stuck in a mail chute somewhere or is being kept as a perfect example to be used in somebody's next compendium on 'How to Write Elegant Letters'."

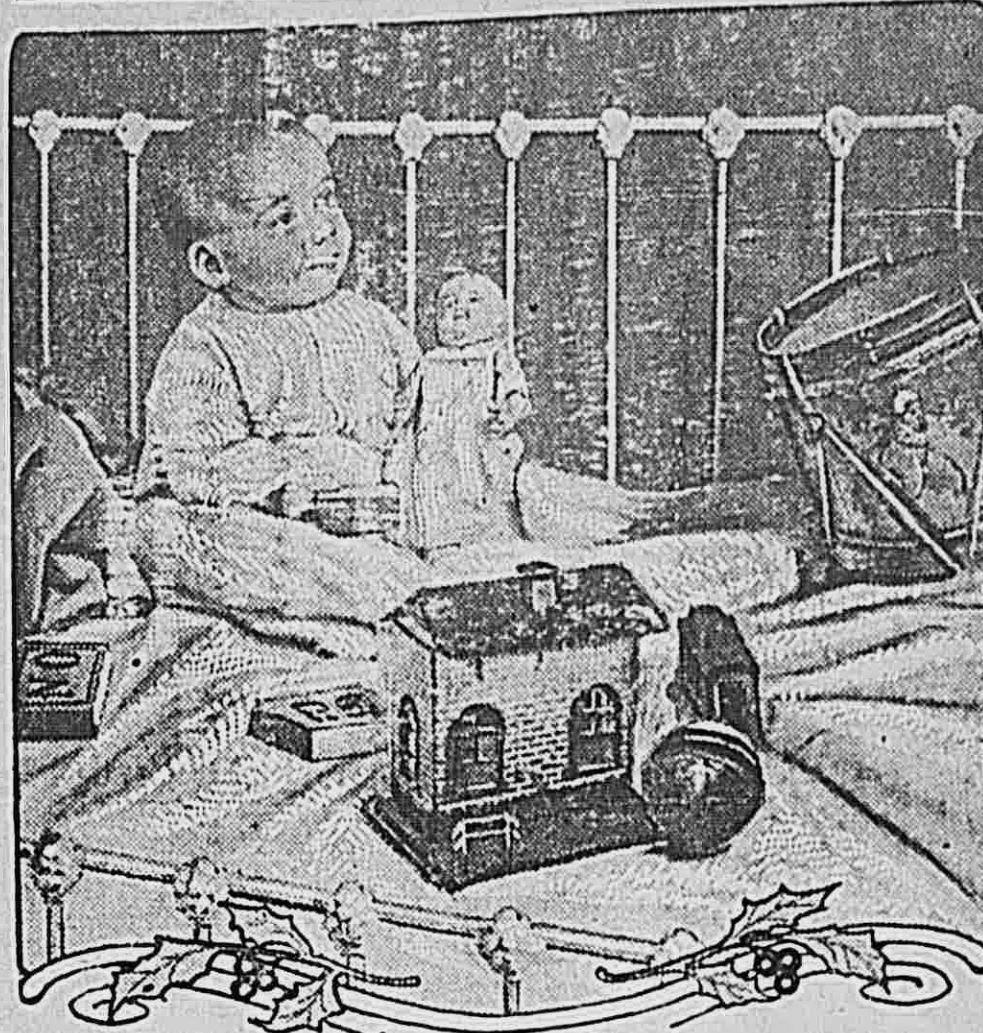
"I know he never got it because the next time he was in Chicago on a business trip he phoned me, and I cleared the matter up. He forgave me at once and asked me to come down for dinner and the theater—and I had already promised Arty Manners, who is absolutely ridiculous as a possible life partner, but very insistent on one's keeping engagements. And it was Alfred's only evening in town! And he couldn't come out for afternoon tea because he had business until five o'clock!"

"A month later Alfred was again in Chicago. He had taken the precaution to write that he was coming and to reserve the afternoon and evening of my time. The morning of that day I fell off the step ladder and sprained my ankle so badly that I was in bed for a week. I couldn't even go to the phone to talk to him! He struck Chicago on his return trip and phoned, asking me to dinner, and I accepted. That afternoon we got a telegram saying that grandmother had died, and we left on the five o'clock train. Why, it's enough to make any man think I was sitting up nights planning how to avoid him!"

The yellow-haired girl beat her hands upon her brow. "Oh!" she moaned. "It's unspeakable! I'm chairman of the banquet given by our college club Thursday night, and unless I die I've got to go! Oh, Alfred, Alfred!"

"Hah! hah!" said her unsympathetic friend. "Excuse me for laughing at anything so sad—but I guess this is when Alfred tears your memory from his heart!"—Chicago Daily News.

## A Nautical Christmas Tale



A ship came in from the Land of Nod,  
Its deck was white as snow.  
It bore no tow-ropes masts above,  
No anchor chains below.  
Its small, spring-bottomed mattress-hull  
Was laden high with wealth,  
Which strangely had been placed aboard  
En voyage—hist!—by stealth.

The skipper of this freighted craft  
Was quite a careless sort.  
The cargo he did not espy,  
Till he hove into port.  
And then upon the portside bow,  
In raptures he did kneel.  
For Santa Claus is no mere dream,  
And Christmas toys are REAL!

—GENE MORGAN.

## A CHRISTMAS DREAM

By J. A. WALDRON.

I DREAMED a dream on Christmas eve that no one, surely, will believe. All will discredit it because in it I was with Santa Claus and witnessed many things so queer I hesitate to tell them here.

Old Santa had just filled his pack and made it ready for his back. It holds a million things or more from Santa's rare and endless store, and like some basket magical, though taken from 'tis always full.

Though I saw Santa plainly, he seemed not at all to notice me. He sat in silence with a map spread out upon his ample lap to mark his course o'er land and sea while waiting for his evening tea.

His cook—he has no wife, you know—came in and said she meant to go. She said her job did not quite suit and he must find a substitute. Cooks everywhere just grump and gad, and with most folks they get in bad.

Well, Santa's smile quite left his face and he ripped up a dress of lace perhaps intended for this cook; and gave him then a wrathful look; and



when she put the teapot down I saw her slip from out her gown and drop into the teapot quick some sort of dope with movement slick.

"Would take much more than this, I think, to drive old Santa Claus to drink; that is to say, to rum, perhaps, though sometimes he may like his schnapps. Full many a cup of tea he quaffed. The more he drank the more he laughed. Uncanny was his jollity, and I at first thought I should flee.

He seized his pack, and full of joy piled me upon it like a toy, and rushing forth into the night began his world-embracing flight. He used a sleigh, as we all know, but needed neither ice or snow. We sailed away o'er mount and plain, through many weathers, snow and rain—through wind and sleet and zero air—though all the time it seemed quite fair.

A dozen reindeer ran ahead. Their bells were soundless as they fled, and all the ghostly journey seemed quite fitting in the dream I dreamed. A

continent would loom and melt into an ocean ere I felt a moment pass, and yet between a million Christmas homes were seen and gifts uncounted were bestowed from Santa's rich and boundless load.

Though I upon the top reposed I was in no way discomfited, for magic wonders multiplied that night upon our snowy ride. The greater wonders, though, to me might have been traced to Santa's tea, sophisticated by his cook, and of which he so much partook; for at the homes of wealth, where boys and girls had much, he left few toys, while poorer children's wishes found complete fulfillment on his round; and to strange humors he gave vent as here and there we quickly went.

Some men by others well esteemed got prison wear the while they dreamed; and others, poor and furnished ill, of good things must have found their fill; and many men of lean estate awoke to find their riches great, each one admonished that his door should always open to the poor.

Fantastic tricks, too, Santa played on men and women, boy and maid. In one old solinster's stocking I saw him slip a manikin; in another old dame's dinky place, a woman's form of wondrous grace.

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## A Christmas Carol

by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I HEAR along our street  
Pass the minstrel throng;  
Hark! They play so sweet,  
On their hautboys, Christmas songs,  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expires!

IN December ring  
Every day the chimas;  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry thrum,  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expires!

SHEPHERDS at the grey,  
Where the flocks were born,  
Sing with many a change  
Christmas carols until morn.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expires!

THESE good people sing  
Songs devout and sweet;  
While the rafters ring,  
There they stand with freezing feet,  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expires!

NUNS in frigid cells  
At this holy tide,  
For want of something to  
Christmas songs at times have said,  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expires!

WHO by the fireside stand,  
Stamps his feet and sings:  
But he who blows his nose  
Not so gay a carol brings.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expires!

## HANGING MISTLETOE

Origin of Custom Associated With Christmas Festival

Plant Is Surrounded With Many Perpetuations in European Customs—Sign of Ill Omen in Some Parts of Ireland.

THE good old custom of hanging mistletoe from the ceiling at the Christmas festival is said to have its origin in the idea that since plant did not have its roots in ground no part of it should be permitted to touch the earth.

Among the Saxons the fact that mistletoe was suspended from the roof of a dwelling was considered the farer than the hospitality of the host was, and his disposal, and beneath branches friend and stranger, va and lord, gathered in comradeship good cheer.

The religious aspect of the mistletoe tradition, which had its origin in the Druidical rites and the gathering of it by the archdruid with his golden sickle, merged later into a purely social symbol, and the idea of simple hospitality developed into one of merrymaking and a somewhat riotous entertainment.

The kiss of the Scandinavian goddess expanded into the custom of a kiss given for every berry that grew on the bough. Small wonder that, in spite of the mistletoe having originally existed in the odor of the sanctuary, the church came to regard it as an entirely pagan symbol and refused to allow it to participate with the lily and the evergreen in the Yuletide decorations.

There is an ancient belief that the mistletoe was the tree from which the holy cross was hewn and that after this was made the plant withered and ever afterward became a mere parasitic growth, clinging for support to other and sturdier trees.

Other stories, however, credit it with divine gifts in the healing of diseases and the expulsion of evil spirits.

Ram, the high priest of the Celts, received in a dream the intimation that by means of the plant he would be enabled to save his people from the plague which was decimating them. To celebrate their delivery he instituted the feast of Noel (new health), a midwinter holiday, which has come to be considered coincident with the new year.

In many parts of the United Kingdom the silver berries and the gray-green leaves of the mistletoe are looked upon as anything but an emblem of good cheer; on the contrary, the plant is regarded with dread as being the bringer of ill luck and the sign of ill omen. This superstition exists both in Devonshire and in Ireland, and, strange to say, in neither of these places does the plant flourish, owing, report has it, to the fact that both incurred the displeasure of the Druids and were in consequence cursed in such a way that their soil became incapable of nourishing the sacred growth.

In the sixth book of Aeneid a lengthy description of the mistletoe is given by Virgil, who makes the Sybil describe to his hero the exact spot in hades where he will find it growing. There is little doubt that the strange ethereal appearance of the little opaque berry is largely responsible for the mystic character it has enjoyed among the people of diverse nations from the earliest historical times.







## ZEPPELIN KILLS 90

GERMANS MAKE RAID ON WARSAW—MANY PERSONS SLAIN BY SHELLS.

### BATTLE FOR CAPITAL IS ON

Kaiser's Forces Within Fifteen Miles of City—Russians Annihilate Two Detachments Who Pursued Them Over a Burning Bridge.

London, Dec. 22.—A Central News dispatch from Rome on Sunday states that, according to a report from Warsaw, that city was bombarded by a Zeppelin. Eighteen bombs were dropped, demolishing two houses and killing 90 persons, including a number of women and children. Later six bombs also were dropped from a German aeroplane, but small damage was done in this supplementary bombardment.

A heavy mist was hanging over the city when the Zeppelin approached. Owing to the hazy atmosphere the presence of the giant airship was not detected until it was about a mile from the city.

A minute after the Zeppelin was sighted no less than forty high-angle guns mounted on housetops and at street corners were raining a fusillade of shells about the flyer, but the raider seemed to bear a charmed life. It swooped across the city, letting go highly explosive projectiles as it passed on an unswerving course.

After completing a circuit above the city the airship turned leisurely in the direction of the German lines and, apparently unhindered by the terrific fire of the Russian guns, disappeared in the mist.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg's army, which is advancing on Warsaw over a wide front between the Vistula and the Pilica rivers and which on Friday occupied Lowicz, reached the new Russian positions along the Bzura river and southward to Rawa and another big battle is in progress.

The Russians retreated across the Bzura river, destroying the bridges behind them. Two German detachments, which followed over a partly burned bridge, were attacked and are said to have been annihilated, fifty survivors being taken prisoners. This is only the beginning of the great battle for Warsaw, from which the Germans are now only 30 miles or less. Stern resistance is expected from the Russians who have been heavily reinforced. The Russians are continuing their operations against East Prussia. An Austrian sortie in force from Przemyśl failed and many prisoners and guns were taken.

### FORMER RAIL HEAD IS DEAD

Eugene Zimmerman, Former Head of C. & H. D. Ry., Expires Suddenly at Club in Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Dec. 22.—Eugene Zimmerman, former president of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad and millionaire of this city, died suddenly at his club here on Sunday from hemorrhage of the lungs.

The death of Mr. Zimmerman was unexpected, although his health had not been of the best for the last few weeks. When he was seized by the fatal attack he was engaged in studying records of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, preparatory, it is believed, to testifying before Commissioner Hall of the interstate commerce commission, who is conducting an investigation of the sale of that road and the Pere Marquette to J. P. Morgan & Co.

His only child, Helena, married the duke of Manchester in 1900, after which Mr. Zimmerman spent much of his time in Europe and New York.

Eugene Zimmerman was born in Vicksburg, Miss., December 17, 1845. He was educated at Farmers' college, College Hill, O., and at Gambier, O., but left school at the outbreak of the Civil war and entered the United States navy. His record was a notable one. The most memorable episode in his career, however, was his connection with the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. As a director he was active in the reorganization of the system, was elected vice-president in 1892 and became president in 1904.

### BRITISH DREADNAUGHT SUNK?

Chicagoan, Back From Europe, Says British Warship Thunder Was Destroyed by a Mine.

New York, Dec. 22.—A report that the British dreadnaught Thunder was sunk in the North sea on November 7 by a mine or a torpedo was brought here on Sunday by George Rottweiler of Chicago, a passenger on the steamship St. Louis from Liverpool.

### German Steamer Is Sunk.

London, Dec. 22.—An admiralty statement says the cruiser Askold was thought to have violated the neutrality of Syria she captured the German steamer Halfa. Near Beirut the Askold sank a Turkish steamer.

### British Ship Is Exonerated.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Colonel Goethals says the British collier which was thought to have violated the neutrality of Panama Canal Zone waters by sending a wireless message, actually had no wireless equipment.

## DEAL COST \$12,000,000

J. P. MORGAN & CO. LOST IN ROAD TRANSACTION.

New York Broker Testifies Before Interstate Commerce Commission Regarding C. & H. D. Purchase.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Financial affairs of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, now in the hands of a receiver for the second time since 1905, were related at length before Commissioner Hall of the interstate commerce commission by Frederick Stevens, formerly an official of that line and the Pere Marquette, whose affairs are interwoven with those of the former system.

Mr. Stevens appeared as an associate of J. P. Morgan & Co. The burden of his testimony was a statement that when the late J. P. Morgan bought the controlling interest of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton for the Erie in 1905, he had no knowledge of the financial results of the preceding year to the road. During that year, Mr. Stevens said, under the administration of Eugene Zimmerman of Cincinnati, a syndicate controlled the road and contracted debts of nearly \$25,000,000.

The net result to Mr. Morgan in the entire transaction, the witness declared, was an expenditure of more than \$12,000,000, for which the firm now had to show 110,000 shares of the Pere Marquette, "of doubtful, if any, value and a loss of \$62,421 on a portion of Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton bond issue purchased in 1905.

### IMPORTANT NEWS ITEMS

Paris, Dec. 21.—Lieutenant Grugere and Major Destouche, military aviators, met death during a flight from Issy, a suburb of Paris. As they were flying over the neighboring town of Vaugrard, their biplane was caught by a gust of wind.

It became unmanageable and dashed downward, crashing into a cattle shed. The aeroplane caught fire and the two aviators were incinerated.

Washington, Dec. 21.—No official confirmation was obtained here of the report from Manila that two companies of Philippine scouts on Corregidor island have been disarmed while American soldiers have been supplied with full ammunition because of a report of a plot to free prisoners and start an uprising.

Washington, Dec. 21.—After eliminating the \$2,000,000 item for an agricultural census in 1915, the house on Friday passed the legislative appropriation bill carrying approximately \$36,500,000.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 21.—American-made heavy artillery will be tried out by the Russian army in Poland next month. The Russian steamship Novgorod, now on the ocean bound to Vladivostok, is carrying 165 carloads of war supplies, mostly siege guns and projectiles. The guns, made in Pennsylvania, weighed 105 tons each. Other trainloads of American big guns and shells which will arrive at Vancouver December 31 will be loaded on the Russian liner Tambov. The Russians now are using French siege guns.

### KING GEORGE'S CLOSE CALL

Germans Fired Two Torpedoes at His Ship on Journey Across the Channel.

London, Dec. 21.—Although the facts have not become public, it is known in certain official circles that King George narrowly escaped disaster from a German torpedo on his journey across the English channel to the front recently.

The trip was made at night so as to minimize the risk of attacks from German submarines, but in spite of all precautions an attack was made. Two torpedoes were fired by the German craft, believed here to have been the famous U-9, which sunk the British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue.

Owing to the heavy seas, however, and the harassing tactics of the destroyers, the aim of the Germans was bad, and the submarine disappeared without accomplishing its mission.

### GERMAN SHIP IS CAPTURED

Dutch Monitor Halts Teuton Vessel Accused of Attempting to Violate Nation's Neutrality.

Amsterdam, Dec. 21.—Official announcement was made here that a Dutch monitor captured a 6,000-ton German steamer that was trying to violate the neutrality of Holland's waters by sailing from Antwerp. The vessel put out with all her lights extinguished. She was halted by shots fired across her bow by the monitor and brought back to Holland.

### Accident Costs Bank \$100,000.

New York, Dec. 21.—The Emigrant Industrial Savings bank was ordered by a jury in the supreme court to pay \$100,000 damages for the death of Justice Henry Blischoff, who was killed by falling into an elevator shaft.

### Czar Returns to Capital.

Petrograd, Dec. 21.—Emperor Nicholas returned from Transcaucasia and immediately called a meeting of the imperial council at Tsarko-Selo palace. The session was attended by Minister of War Soukhomlinov.

## ROADS WIN INCREASE

FIVE PER CENT ADVANCE GRANTED EXCEPT ON SOME COMMODITIES.

AMOUNTS TO \$30,000,000

Consequences of the War Held by Commerce Commission to Give Ground for Raising Income of Lines Between Atlantic and Mississippi.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Increases in freight rates approximating five per cent on 123 railroads, comprising all the lines between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi, north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, were granted by the interstate commerce commission in a divided opinion, excepting on certain heavy commodities, which comprise a large bulk of the traffic.

The increases will further apply to the railroads west of Buffalo and Pittsburgh, which were granted partial advances in the decision of last August, which denied them altogether to the roads east of those points.

It is estimated the advanced rates will increase the annual income of the roads about \$30,000,000.

The commission made its decision upon the showing of the railroads that in addition to conditions from which they previously asked relief they now are confronted with an emergency because of the war in Europe.

After further consideration the commission permits advances to be made also on cement, starch, brick, tile, clay and plaster. On these commodities no advances were permitted by the decision of August 1.

The commission was divided on the question of granting the railroads' appeal. Commissioners Clements and Harlan dissented from the opinion of the majority. The decision, in part, was as follows:

"In view of the tendency toward a diminishing net operating income, as shown by the facts described, we are of the opinion that the net operating income of the railroads in official classification territory, taken as a whole, is smaller than is demanded in the interests of the general public and the railroads, and it is our duty and our purpose to aid so far as we legally may, in the solution of the problem as to the course that the carriers may pursue to meet the situation."

The commission did not acquiesce in the carriers' proposal of a general increase, as indicated in the tariff filed by them, but suggested various methods by which they might properly conserve their revenues.

"For various reasons we shall except from the proposed increase the following rates:

"1. Rail-lake-and-rail, lake-and-rail and rail-and-lake rates. It is shown on the record that since the rail carriers acquired ownership and control of the lake lines successive increases have been made in the rates via lake tending to lessen the differences between them and the all-rail rates.

"2. Rates on bituminous coal and coke. Not long since these rates were investigated and maximum rates were prescribed by the commission. The key rates upon bituminous coal—the rate from the Pittsburgh district to Youngstown, and the rate on lake cargo coal to Ashtabula, have been fixed in the light of the various factors which entered into the transportation of such coal. The prevailing rates are remunerative, and the financial condition of the principal bituminous coal carriers is in marked contrast with that of many other carriers in official classification territory.

"3. Rates on anthracite coal and iron ore, largely because they are before us in review in other proceedings.

4. Rates held by unexpired orders of the commission."

### NAME NEW SULTAN IN EGYPT

Great Britain Appoints Prince Hussein Kemal to the Post With New Title.

London, Dec. 21.—It is officially announced that Prince Hussein Kemal has been appointed to succeed the khedive of Egypt, Abbas Hilmi. Prince Hussein Kemal will take the title of sultan. The new sultan is an uncle of Abbas Hilmi and is a son of Ismael Pasha, who was khedive from 1865 to 1879.

### Factories Are To Resume.

Pearla, Ill., Dec. 22.—Present indications are that the local factories which have been closed for several weeks will open in full swing on January 4. The Avery company, employing upwards of twelve hundred men and which has been running with only a part of the full quota, will reopen their foundry and other departments. The Acme Harvester company is preparing to reopen after the first of the year. They employ approximately 1,600 men. With few exceptions local men will fill the positions thus thrown open.

### Airmen in Daring Raids.

London, Dec. 22.—Daring raids by French aviators into Alsace and Lorraine are demonstrating that the confidence as to the efficiency of the allies' aerial forces has not been misplaced.

A dispatch received from Berlin says that aeroplanes flying over Saarburg, a Lorraine town, bombarded the place with bombs, killing two German soldiers and causing heavy damage. The same aviators, says the Berlin dispatch, dropped bombs upon the Rieding railroad station.

## 7,500 FRENCH TAKEN

BERLIN SAYS GERMANS WON IN THE ARGONNE.

Alles Say Teutons Are Being Forced Back All Along Flanders Front.

London, Dec. 21.—A Times correspondent in northern France says: "The allies have advanced. Their troops are reported to have passed Middelkerke and to have broken through the German line just below Dixmude."

Berlin (by wireless), Dec. 21.—The following official statement was received by wireless from Berlin:

"The fighting at Neuport continues favorable, but no decision yet has been reached. The French attacks between La Bassée and Arras and on both sides of the River Somme have resulted in failure, with severe losses to the enemy. On the Somme the French lost 1,200 men in prisoners and at least 1,800 in dead; our own losses were under 200.

"In the Argonne forest our successful attack resulted in the capture of some 7,500 prisoners in addition to war material. There have been no important developments elsewhere on the western front."

London, Dec. 21.—The allies' advance in Belgium is fast gaining momentum. The Germans are being forced back all along the Flanders front with great losses in killed, wounded, prisoners and war material, according to reports reaching here.

### NARROW ESCAPE FOR NURSE

In Desperate Struggle With Insane Patient Three Stories Above Ground in Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 31.—Swaying in the air three stories above the ground in her struggle to prevent a demented patient from throwing himself to the ground below, Miss Hazel Smith, a nurse at St. John's hospital, managed to save her life only by grasping the rail of a fire escape and clinging there as Gustave Rhodes plunged over. Rhodes died of his injuries five hours later. The nurse was seized by the man during her efforts to prevent his getting on the fire escape, but was not strong enough to control the raving patient. Rhodes was admitted to the hospital last Wednesday for treatment for alcoholism.

### WRECK CLAIMS TWO LIVES

Fifteen Persons Are Seriously Injured in Railroad Accident Near Cartersville, Ga.

Cartersville, Ga., Dec. 21.—Two were killed, 15 seriously and about forty more or less injured when train No. 93, on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway, south bound, was wrecked near here. The dead: Engineer Gus Manning Atlanta. Fireman F. V. Bell, Atlanta. The baggage man and express messenger were badly injured.

The engine and five cars rolled over and down a 75-foot embankment, leaving two Pullmans on the track.

Fifteen of the injured were brought to a hospital at Cartersville.

### 3 BRITISH SHIPS BLOWN UP

Mine Sweeper and Two Other Vessels Destroyed Near Scene of German Raid.

London, Dec. 21.—Lloyd's agent at Scarborough sends word that a mine sweeper which, with several others, was engaged in sweeping for mines five miles southeast of Scarborough, was blown up. One man was rescued, but the rest of the crew are missing.

It is reported that two other vessels have been blown up in the region visited by the German squadron, which raided the eastern coast.

### WOMAN NAMED AS JUDGE

Governor Major Sets Precedent in Court in Clay County, Mo.—Appointee Succeeds Father.

Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 21.—A woman was appointed probate judge by Gov. Elliott W. Major, an act without precedent in the memory of state officials. She is Miss Frances Hopkins and will preside over the Clay county probate court, succeeding her father, Judge Lewis G. Hopkins, who died.

### Upholds Raid on Britain.

New York, Dec. 19.—That Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby, the three English towns bombarded by German warships are defended places and that the Germans therefore were justified in shelling them, is the substance of a statement given out here by Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché of the German embassy.

### Storms Cause Damage.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 19.—Heavy damage along the coast is reported as the result of winds and rainstorms which have been raging for the last 24 hours. Damage from high tides total \$50,000 at Long Beach alone.

### Four Firemen Injured.

Sandusky, O., Dec. 19.—Four firemen were injured by falling timbers in a \$100,000 fire in the business district here. The injured: Captain McLaughlin, Captain Curtis, Fireman Charles Georgan, Engine men Diskam.

## THAW TO FACE TRIAL

U. S. SUPREME COURT ORDERS HIM EXTRADITED TO ANSWER NEW YORK INDICTMENT.

### LONG FIGHT ENDS IN FAILURE

New York Authorities May Either Put Slayer on Trial for Conspiracy or They May Peremptorily Place Him in Asylum.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The Supreme court of the United States ruled on Thursday that Harry Kendall Thaw must be delivered up to the state of New York to be tried on the charge of conspiracy to break out of Matteawan insane asylum, or be recommitted to the asylum, or both. Thaw's fight for liberty is therefore ended for the time being.

Thaw is now in Manchester, N. H. Some of the best legal talent in the country has been fighting for months to prevent his extradition to New York. Extradition was ordered by the governor of New Hampshire, but Federal District Judge Aldrich granted Thaw a writ of habeas corpus. This action of the court was reversed by the Supreme court.

The next move in the case is for the New York authorities to take. It has been said that the state does not intend to prosecute Thaw, but will return him at once to Matteawan. If this is done Thaw will have grounds for appeal to the federal court for a writ of habeas corpus. This was indicated by Chief Justice White during the arguments on the constitutionality of the Thaw commitment a week ago. On the other hand if he is prosecuted for conspiracy the belief exists here that he will likely get a short sentence and then go free.

The decision of the court was unanimous and was read by Justice Holmes. It held that the writ of habeas corpus did not lie and sustained the contention of William Travers Jerome at every point. Thaw cannot be taken back for 30 days under the decision. Thirty days must elapse before the court's mandate is handed down and he cannot be removed to New York before that time.

A tentative plan of campaign has already been laid out. Former District Attorney Jerome, who has conducted the long fight against Thaw, said:

"I expected nothing less. And I expect nothing less now than the ultimate return of Thaw to Matteawan."

"Will Thaw be tried on the conspiracy indictment?" he was asked.

"That is a matter for the attorney general to decide," he said. "But I assume he will deem it wise that Thaw be tried inasmuch as he has been extradited for the offense of conspiracy."

"Can he then be admitted to bail?" was asked.

"Of course," was the reply. "But if he is the superintendent of Matteawan will then present a detainer under which Thaw will be taken to Matteawan as an insane man to await his trial."

### GERMANS ATTACK 4 TIMES

Allies Beat Back Every Rush—Anglo-French Forces Occupy Bixchoote, Says the Paris Report.

London, Dec. 23.—Germany's troops made four successful assaults on the allies' line in front of Liégeois on Monday in a determined effort to recapture trenches that had been wrested from them.

All these deadly attacks were repulsed, says the report of the French war office, which discloses also that the British recaptured most of the trenches previously taken from them and that the French gained a foothold in the German trenches south of Novon and made progress elsewhere.

Meanwhile the Netherlands newspaper Tijd says the Germans have evacuated Middelkerke, Belgium.

The official French report told of the occupation of Bixchoote by the allies and of other gains along the line through Belgium and France.

### CZAR LOSES RAIL CENTER

Skiernewice Captured by Germans—Kaiser's Left Wing in Poland Reported in Retreat.

Berlin, Dec. 23.—Skiernewice, an important railroad center 40 miles from Warsaw, has been captured by the Germans, says a dispatch received from Breslau on Monday.

The left wing of General von Hindenburg's army in Poland has been defeated. The German forces 75 miles northwest of Warsaw are retreating over the borders into Germany, according to an official announcement made by the headquarters of the general staff at Petrograd on Monday.

### German Losses Are Heavy.

The Hague, Dec. 23.—Latest casualty lists issued in Berlin increase the German losses in killed, wounded and missing to 800,000 men in both eastern and western theaters of war. These lists cover only part of November.

### D. A. R. Woman Dead at 108.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 23.—Mrs. Louisa Waterman Carpenter, aged one hundred and eight years and four months, died here of old age. She was the oldest member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

## NEWS OF ILLINOIS

Heyworth.—George Graves, breeder of Jersey cattle and extensive land owner, killed himself by drinking poison.

Belleville.—The seventy-fifth anniversary of the First Presbyterian church was observed with appropriate services.

Vandalia.—The village of Ramsey has filed suit in the circuit court for \$20,000 against T. H. & L. Hayes, druggists, alleging the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors.

Edwardsville.—The explosion of a steam traction engine which killed one man near Troy in August, 1913, has been made the basis for a damage suit before Judge W. E. Hadley.

Litchfield.—Dr. J. R. Seymour, prominent physician and leading Republican in this section of the state, died at his home in Raymond following a stroke of paralysis. He was sixty-five years old.

Lincoln.—Robert Hunter, a former owner of a restaurant at Elkhart, who confessed to the state fire marshal that he set fire to property valued at \$50,000, attempted to commit suicide while being examined by alienists.

Joliet.—The Joliet chamber of commerce has inaugurated a campaign to obtain \$500,000 from the Will county board of supervisors for the construction of a boulevard from Joliet to Downers Grove. The proposed road would join the improved road from Chicago to that village.

Springfield.—After the supreme court had denied an application for a writ of error and supersedeas, Governor Dunne granted a reprieve to April 9, 1915, to Frank Repetto, under sentence to hang at Joliet Friday for the murder last September of Charles Masters, a fellow convict. Attorneys for Repetto contend he is insane.

Bloomington.—Cut from the campus of the State Normal university, a gigantic Christmas tree has been placed in the courthouse yard in Bloomington. This is Bloomington's first municipal tree and it will be the center of a distribution of gifts to the worthy poor on Christmas eve. More than one thousand dollars has been subscribed.

Duquoin.—The city council has elected Alderman W. L. Thill to serve out the unexpired term of E. E. Jacobs, who resigned recently. A deadlock developed in the council when balloting began on the new mayor and more than seven hundred votes were taken. Alderman Thill defeated Alderman Knauer, his opponent, by one vote, one of Knauer's supporters being absent. As a result of the confusion, Duquoin has had four mayors in the last six weeks.

Joliet.—Six small children, inmates of the Swedish Orphan's Home here, staggered into the Richards Street school after a two-mile walk in zero weather without sufficient clothing. Three of the children had carried and half dragged their companions. The ears of three were frozen and one was so seriously chilled that her condition for the time was thought serious. All three were taken home.

Elgin.—Members of the Milk Producers' association, embracing one-third of the dairymen in the Chicago district, voted an assessment of \$100,000 for the purpose of fighting slaughter of herds infected with foot-and-mouth disease. Each member is to pay 15 cents a cow. Farmers declare the recovery of the prize dairy herds in Chicago prove the disease is curable; that the government therefore has no right to slaughter animals, and that those participating in the slaughter are liable for damages.

Bloomington.—E. K. Platt of Portmouth, O., and J. T. Sprague of Macomb were arrested at Clinton on suspicion of being post office robbers. A package containing \$65 in stamps was found near where the men were arrested.

Aledo.—Julia Flake, author of the "come over and kill mamma letters," was committed to the State School for Girls at Geneva until she is twenty-one years old. She is now sixteen. Julia has been at the home for nearly a year since her mother, Mrs. Higgins, was killed by Julia's stepfather, Robert Higgins, nearly a year ago. Higgins is now serving a life term at Joliet. Julia was in court when the case was called, and was brought back here from Geneva. She had nothing to say herself. She shows, however, a fuller realization of the awfulness of the crime which she encouraged her stepfather to commit in order that he might marry her.

Danville.—Chester Rodeharmel was sentenced to an indefinite term in the Chester penitentiary by Judge Thompson following his plea of guilty to a charge of arson. He admits setting four fires here on the night of November 24, in which damage to the amount of \$16,000 was done. He was arrested by Chief of Police Walker as fires were in progress, but after a day in the holdover was released.

Danville.—Fred Hible, Samuel Henry and Robert Crawford, judges of the election precinct at Grape Creek, where 75 fraudulent votes were cast out of a total of 125, were found not guilty by a jury. Unless some of the men alleged to have been used as repeaters are found, the case is closed.

Joliet.—Peter Sleepanhour paid \$5.25 for a meal that originally was worth but 50 cents. Sleepanhour went into a restaurant and ordered a meal. It came to 50 cents, but he did not have the price. He asked for credit and the police were called. He was fined on a disorderly charge.



# Whence Came the Polynesians

FROM what source did the Polynesian race originally spring? This is a question which has vexed the minds of learned students of the origin of races and one which has never been satisfactorily answered, says Stuart B. Dunbar in the San Francisco Chronicle. The Polynesian race in the accepted sense of the word is that race of people which inhabits the Tonga, Samoan, Ellice, Cook, Society, Marquesas and Hawaiian Islands. In former times, however, all brown skinned peoples of the islands of the Pacific were erroneously included in the classification, despite the fact that their physical and mental characteristics differ radically from the inhabitants of the islands mentioned.

The Hawaiians, that branch of the Polynesian race with which we of the United States are most vitally concerned, and which can be taken as typical representatives of the race, show upon first inspection characteristics not to be found in any of the primitive peoples of the world. Appearance, customs, intelligence, the ready adaptability to civilized conditions all

which appeared and one that seemingly entirely precluded European influence was that the New Testament history of the Bible was conspicuous only by its absence from the native lore. This was and is now taken as certain evidence that no Europeans had visited the islands, for had they done so it is readily apparent that the New Testament history must have been paramount in their teachings.

One of the Lost Tribes? Possibly the most plausible theory as to the descent of the Hawaiians and the other branches of the Polynesian race is that they originally sprang from some of the lost tribes of Israel, who in some unaccountable manner reached the shores of the great western ocean in their migrations and populated certain of its islands.

In support of this theory, which gradually is coming to be accepted among scholars, are numerous ancient legends which have been handed down by word of mouth for centuries. Of these not the least interesting is the legend having to do with the creation. In the beginning Kane, Ku and Lono, Sunlight, Substance and Sound, consti-



TYPICAL SOUTH SEA ISLAND HOME

to proclaim them as originally having descended from a highly cultured and civilized stock, but, strange to relate, just what that original stock was or from what portion of the world it migrated many centuries ago has never been accurately decided by students, and through some freak of chance not one of the hundreds of ancient Hawaiian legends which have been handed down through the generations alludes to the part of the world from which these people came.

May Be of Caucasian Descent. Physically, the Hawaiian typifies his race in being of a prepossessing appearance, tall, symmetrically built and handsome in both form and feature. His color varies from dark brown to almost white, while his features in many cases show a European cast, a fact which has given rise to the theory that he is undoubtedly of Caucasian descent. This theory, although for many years scouted by students, gradually has come to be generally accepted, and although there are many who maintain that it is without foundation, the majority of scholars are its proponents.

Outside of the racial characteristics displayed, strength is lent to the theory through the study of the mythology, folklore and primitive poetry of the Hawaiians and other Polynesian branches. All these are found to be rich in cosmogonic tales and ancestor myths, primitive epics and hero stories being particularly abundant.

When first the early missionaries visited the Hawaiian Islands they were most particularly impressed with the similarity of the native legends to the old Testament history of the Bible. They were for a time inclined to accept this peculiar fact to the visits of islands at some previous time representatives of some of the European races, but upon closer association with the natives and a more thorough understanding of their customs and legends it became apparent that they were absolutely free from European influence. Another strange fact

tuted a triad named Ku-Kaua-Kahi, recognized as the Supreme Unity.

These gods existed, as expressed by the Hawaiians, from the time of night, darkness and chaos, which later they dislabeled by an act of their will. The heavens, numbering three in all, were next created, and after them the earth, which was used by them as a footstool. Next in the order of events they created the sun and, following this, the moon and stars and a number of spirits and angels to act as their servants. Then man was made by the gods from red and white earth and clay and their spittle. The clay was brought from the ends of the earth by Lono. When the earthen form of man was completed, the triad breathed into his nose and he became a living being. Last of all, woman was created from one of the ribs of the man while he slept, and upon awaking he took her as his wife, the two becoming the parents of the present race. Although the names of the first man and woman vary in the different legends, they are most generally referred to, the man as Kumu-houua and the woman as Kealakahouua.

Like the Bible Eden.

The original home of the founders of mankind is spoken of in the Hawaiian legends as a wonderfully beautiful place, and in it were various fruits, nuts, roots and animals for the maintenance of the lives of its human inhabitants. Several of the fruits, however, were tabooed, and it was through eating one of these, a species of breadfruit, that the founders of mankind were expelled from their home and met with other misfortune.

Other legends tell of one of the spirits who were created as servants to the triad having revolted and attempted to create a man similar to Kumu-houua. The man was constructed of clay and earth, but when the spirit breathed into his nose and commanded him to come to life, he failed to do so. For this offense the spirit was thrust down into uttermost darkness—lalo-lalo-ka-po—where he lived and was lord.

## Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

### HOW WE DIVIDED THE MONEY.

The furniture department in our catalogue was a great and immediate success. The "fake" illustrations caught the eye of the people and the orders poured in with every mail. We found out that whenever a customer ordered one article there were always a number of others included with the first. And the orders were all cash, of course. I don't remember in those days that we ever had an inquiry for credit. They seemed glad to get the goods by paying the cash and they seemed to get the money together in some manner.

We were busy. We moved away from the city where the business was started and now had a big establishment in one of the biggest of the eastern cities. Our tiny leaflet of a catalogue had increased to over fifty pages and there seemed to be no limit to our prosperity.

My work was now almost entirely connected with the catalogue. I wrote the descriptions, ordered the illustrations made by the wood engravers, superintended the printing and mailing departments and was up to my collar in work all of the time. Whenever anything of importance arose in connection with the business I was always called into a conference with Y and Z and we settled any question that arose.

One day I was called in and the doors were shut and locked. There was something of importance to be discussed.

"Look here, X, we are going to incorporate this business," said Y with a peculiar expression in his eyes. I had seen this expression before and I held myself on guard, in readiness to be very careful of my speech and action as I knew I had need of caution. It was like the "hands up" of a highwayman, that look was.

"Yes, we are going to incorporate and we are going to take you in as one of the incorporators," supplemented Z.

I held my peace. Here was something worth listening to.

Seeing that I asked no questions and was waiting for them to go ahead they looked at each other until finally Y said: "We are going to incorporate for one hundred thousand dollars." He continued to explain, with interpolations by Z and an occasional question by myself until it came about that they had decided to make me a present of one thousand dollars of the capital stock.

Sounds generous, don't it? Well, it didn't to me. We had always discussed the possibility some day of incorporation and it had always been held out to me that I was to have a good slice of the capital stock. So I took up the burden of the argument. I explained my viewpoint, recited the various services I had rendered, the departments I had introduced, the improvement in the business, etc., for all of which I claimed a good part of the credit. It was due me, too, because I had developed into the handy man about the shop for doing all of the hard work.

We nearly had a row over it. I was determined that if they did not treat me with fairness, that I would withdraw and I knew where I could interest capital if necessary to start another mail order business. In fact, I had the capital myself, for by this time I was drawing a salary of three thousand a year, about \$60 per week, and I had saved a good share of my salary. I told them so with all frankness.

It resulted in their giving me \$15,000 of the capital stock and an increase in salary to \$5,000 a year. Y and Z took each \$25,000, which took out \$65,000 of the stock. It was decided to sell out the other \$34,000 of stock at par if they had a buyer for cash and of this sum I was to have 15 per cent.

The deal was put through and I found myself a comparatively rich man. Later, when the capitalization was increased to millions, I got my share of the increased valuation so that I have made pretty well out of it. Of course in this matter I am giving fictitious figures. I will not give any more details now because it would be too easy for you to guess more, for it is no part of my plan to tell you too much about the interior workings of our organization.

We have figured it all out many times just what becomes of your dollar that you send in to us with an order.

About one-half of it goes for payment for the goods ordered. The rest is divided into dimes and cents for the payment of postage, printing, maintenance of plant, insurance, office help, etc., and last and best of all into dividends for the stockholders.

The families of Y and Z are now looked upon as merchant princes. They have their yachts, their automobiles, their racing stables, their various establishments. They take their annual tours in various parts of the world and they live off the best the world can supply. And why?

Because you have sent your dollars to the mail order house, established by their fathers many years ago. Each year you send more dollars and the wealth piles up in the banks.

All because of the clever wording of our catalogue descriptions. All be-

cause you will have the unreal instead of the genuine, because you will insist on dealing with the unknown instead of trading with your own home merchants. It is human nature for you to do this because the rule of life is to follow the will-o-the-wisp blindly. Everybody does this, everybody tries to grasp the indefinite instead of grabbing the things at our very home door.

Really it is laughable when you come to think of it. You sent your dollars to us because you fancied and hoped that the distance, which gives enchantment to the view, would send you something in the way of a great prize. Of course we did not.

We spend our dollars like water in foreign lands while at home we do not find so much to interest us—rather we think that we do not. Year after year I have made the pilgrimage into practically all of the foreign lands. It has cost me, I do not care to say how many, thousands of dollars.

Yet all this time I know and realize that we have better things to see, better things to ride in, better things to eat, than any other land. To the crooked and thieving guides in Paris and London and Berlin we are the "easy marks." We are the simple-minded. We are the deluded, the easily deceived. The gilded palaces of revelry in Paris and Vienna, the unwholesome cabaret of St. Petersburg and Brussels, the gambling hell of Monaco, the glittering vice halls of Cairo—are all maintained by American dollars. We support them. We make them rich. We have made champagne a necessity, we have made truffles and mushrooms both expensive and desirable.

It's the history of life. Every creature shall prey upon the weaker. And we are the weaker who lavish our money on this sort of foolishness. It is really true that it is you, the people of the soil, the dwellers in the country, who are the wiser, after all. We seek dissipation and spend our energy and health as well as our dollars in looking for excitement.

It is to you, in the country, that the nation looks in time of war. Why not in peace also? The strength lies with you. The power is within your grasp. All you must do is to exercise your rights of franchise and your good sense and judgment.

Try it. Get together among yourselves in your scattered communities. Hold meetings. Discuss among yourselves what you ought to do to improve conditions. Talk it over—how to keep the money at home. Simply feather your own nests, that's all. Make your efforts count to your own advantage.

Is it possible that the dissensions and petty jealousies that are popularly supposed to exist in all small communities cannot be done away with so that you can all combine for the good of the whole? What if an armed power were on the way down the county road to burn and sack your town and cut the throats of your women and children? What would you do? Would you sidestep a mass meeting, called to create a defense, because Bill Jones or Hank Buncomb was going to be there? Would you sulk and refuse to have a thing to do with the defense plan just because you had some grievance, real or otherwise, against somebody who would be there?

Not on your life. It would be a grand rally. It would be "Hello Bill" and "Hello Hank." "Gimme a lift with this pesky cannon." "Cut a buckle hole in this strap for a belt to hold up my sword." "Hand over the powder there, I want to fire a few bullets at the enemy."

That's the spirit. Unite for the common interest with "trade at home" as your slogan.

### Messages on Cannon Balls.

The habit of sending messages on shells and cannon balls is a very ancient one.

In a museum at Calcutta you may see a silver cannon ball—a real ball, not a modern projectile—and on it are still visible certain engraved characters.

This was picked up in the jungle near the ruins of the old city of Anandnagar, and its history is a strange one.

Many years ago Anandnagar was ruled by Princess Candee. The Moguls invaded India, and, conquering one state after another, attacked Anandnagar. The plucky princess fought to the last, and when all the other metal in the town had been used up, took the gold and silver from her treasury and had it molded into bullets, on which were engraved maledictions against the oppressor.

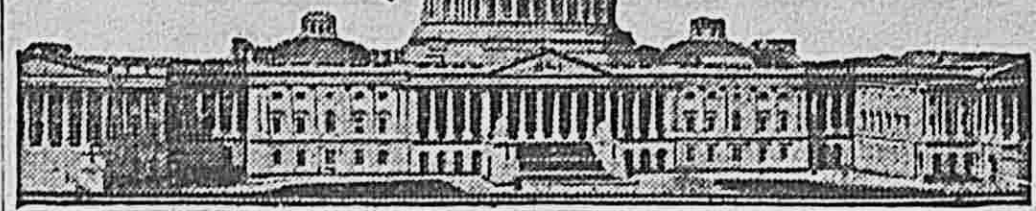
These were fired at the enemy, and when at last they were used up, and the town forced to capitulate, the victors found precious little in the way of spoil.

### Sail and Rudder.

The sails of boats are our emotions, the rudders are our characters. Our sails are breathed upon by gentle zephyrs of affection, and inclination, of hope, and love, and of hate. They are torn by sudden gusts of passion. We are blown hither and yon by conflict of quarrelling winds, driven from our course by angry squalls. The only force by means of which we can counteract the effect of the winds and hold our course is the rudder of character.

We know that we shall be blown upon all our lives by various influences, good and bad; that our emotions—those white sails that respond to every breeze—will be played upon by every human appeal and desire. What will become of the craft that has not a firm hand on the tiller?—Youth's Companion.

# NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



## Fish Doctor Wanted for Government Hatcheries

WASHINGTON.—Congress has been asked by the bureau of fisheries of the department of commerce for an appropriation of \$2,500 annually to cover the salary of a family physician for all the domesticated fishes of the United States. It has been estimated by fish experts in the employ of the government that epidemics among infant fish at government hatcheries cost more than \$1,000,000 a year. These epidemics usually occur among fish less than six months of age, and the damage worked by disease is greatly increased when the adult value of the fish is taken into consideration.

For \$2,500 a year, officials of the bureau say they can obtain the services of a fish pathologist, whose training has made him an expert in diseases of the finny youngsters.

Once the \$2,500 is secured, it is proposed to retain a male fish pathologist who has made a life work of one of the strangest paths of scientific endeavor known. There are barely a score of recognized fish pathologists in the United States at the present time, it is said, and one of the possible sources of difficulty the government may experience is the employment of such an expert at a salary of only \$2,500 a year. He will be required to make his headquarters at Washington and receive here the reports of threatened outbreaks of epidemics at government hatcheries in any part of the country.

It is not particularly well known to the general public that trout and salmon are greatly troubled with a disease which in the human being would be considered somewhat close to a goitre. This is a swelling of the thyroid gland in the throat of a salmon or a trout, which soon becomes apparent by a swelling of the throat, and eventually results in the death of the afflicted fish. At the present there is no known remedy for the disease, and it is to begin a study of this and similar ailments that the bureau of fisheries is asking for a fish doctor.

## Bugs, Deprived of Food, Desert the Patent Office

BUGS of varied shapes and hues no longer lap up milk with great gusto in the patent office as of yore. The good old days of Bugdom's free dairy lunch in that building have passed forever, if Judge James I. Parker, chief clerk of the interior department, has anything to say in the matter—and he has everything to say, as a matter of fact.

The judge has just issued an edict that milk bottles—either full, half full or empty—are to disappear at once from the precincts of the patent office. It is not so much that the bugs scramble in gangs and troops from all corners and crevices of the patent office and invade the galleries where the employees of the office are wont to congregate at lunch hours and regale themselves with foods and milk. It is not so much that the bugs clamor down the sides of empty milk bottles and eagerly lap up the succulent drops of the white fluid. The judge hasn't the slightest desire to deprive poor hungry bugs of their sustenance.

But the judge has a decided feeling against the bugs eating up the thousands of drawings and descriptions of patents stored in the galleries. It appears that the bugs, after feeding on milk left by kind-hearted employees of the department, are still hungry, and go foraging around in the files for choice documents upon which to finish their repasts. Perhaps it is wrong to drink first and eat afterward, but these are bugs, remember, and there is no accounting for what bugs will do.



## Finger-Print System Proves Useful to the Army

BRIG. GEN. GEORGE ANDREWS, as adjutant general of the army, has made a report to the war department in regard to the successful operation of the finger-print system of identification in the detection of military offenders. At present, he says, the adjutant general's office has on file the finger-print records of 202,244 individuals who are now or had been previously enlisted in the army.

During the past fiscal year 467 cases of fraudulent enlistment of former deserters, general prisoners and others were discovered through the finger-print system. During the preceding year the number of cases of fraudulent enlistment discovered through that system was 256, and during the fiscal year 1912 the number was 337.

"This office," says General Andrews, "has identified by means of this system dead men who were former soldiers and whose identity could not be satisfactorily established in any other way, as well as civil offenders who sought to evade arrest for their crimes by enlisting in the army under assumed names, and soldiers who left impressions of their fingers while in the act of committing some serious offense."

"It is undoubtedly true that the use of finger-print records and photographs has deterred criminals from attempting to enter the army for the purpose of escaping detection and arrest by the civil authorities."

## Many Eligible Bachelors in the National Capital

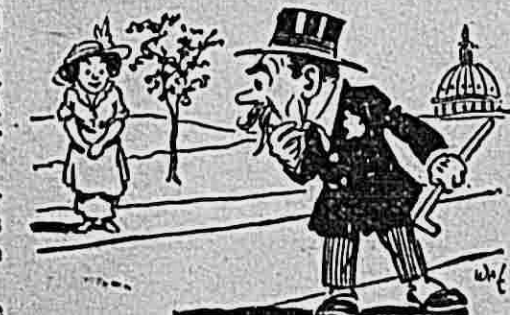
WASHINGTON has a long list of eligible bachelors. Among them is the new associate justice of the Supreme court, Judge McReynolds. However, he is by no means a misogynist. He is fond of the society of girls and likes to do nice things for them and pay them little attentions. The third assistant postmaster-general, Alexander Dockery, is another bachelor. At his home in Missouri he is a political force. He was at one time governor of the state.

There is also John Barrett, director of the Pan-American union. He is a man of some means, with a taste for society.

The presence of the diplomatic corps in Washington naturally means the presence of a host of young attaches, not all eligible, perhaps, but dear to the heart of the debutante and the hostess. And there are six foreign ministers here who are bachelors—namely, Don Roberto Brenes Messen from Costa Rica, Mehdi Khan from Persia, Dr. Alberto Membruno from Honduras, Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes from Cuba, Viscount d'Alte from Portugal and Constantin Brun from Denmark.

The senate has a full allowance of bachelors, and the house bristles with them. Moreover, an unusual number of army and navy bachelors now occupy positions of trust and importance in the national capital.

And the widowers must not be overlooked. Foremost among them is John R. McLean, one of the richest men in the city, owner of one of the handsomest homes in Washington, to say nothing of Friendship, his country place near by. He entertains constantly and elaborately and is a notably charming host. Then there is William H. Lamar, attorney-general for the post office department, a fine-looking man with brains.





## RURAL NEWS ITEMS

## LAKE VILLA

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller are spending this week in Waukegan.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Meier Tuesday, Dec. 22. All doing nicely.

Wedding bells are to ring again. It is quoted on good authority that Mr. A. Bartlett is to bring a bride to our village.

The Sunday school is preparing a fine program to be given in connection with the Christmas tree at the church Thursday evening.

Joe Koelstra, F. Verlinder and a few others were at the county seat the first of the week getting their naturalization papers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamlin came back from Chicago Sunday evening and were given a warm reception by the boys in spite of the storm.

Henry Nadr, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nadr was quite badly hurt last Saturday while coasting down hill on his sled. He was thrown and fell from the sled, being injured internally.

Sidney Wallace is putting up a new bungalow on his lot between the house occupied by Paul Avery and the one owned by Herman Meier. We understand that he will occupy this himself and rent the one he now occupies.

## BRISTOL

J. E. Dixon was in Kenosha on last Saturday.

C. H. Whitcher spent last Thursday in Kenosha.

H. B. Gaines was in Chicago on business last Friday.

Dr. Thom and Roy Murdock motored to Kenosha Friday.

Miss Florence Murdock is spending her vacation at home.

Gordon Brown and wife were in Kenosha shopping last Friday.

W. Gaines and wife entertained the Midnight club last Saturday.

The Murdock flats are again vacant as the shoemaker has moved his family to Silverlake.

Geo. Bryant started for Kenosha last Saturday but did not get very far as the D. L. F. refused to start.

## SILVER LAKE

Mrs. Selby is on the gain.

John Salvin was home Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Harm called here Saturday.

Bert Dean and wife spent Sunday out of town.

Miss Albertine Johnson came home Saturday.

Mrs. Edith Runkel and son visited here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean were Burlington shoppers Monday.

A large crowd attended the Christmas exercises at school Friday.

Miss Clarey is spending her vacation at her home near Milwaukee.

There will be a masquerade ball at Silverlake New Years night, Jan. 1. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music. A fine time guaranteed.

## SALEM

Misses Hartnell's were Kenosha visitors Saturday.

J. Peace and wife were Kenosha shoppers on Saturday.

S. Cull and wife visited their daughter in Waterford last week.

The Paddock school closed Friday with a program for a vacation.

W. Murphy and wife will take possession of the Jepson hotel Jan. 1.

Miss Lena Katz of Epworth, Iowa, came home Saturday for a vacation.

Mrs. C. Blanchard and Mrs. A. Burdick were Kenosha shoppers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Goggan leave this week for a visit with relatives in Davenport, Iowa.

There will be a masquerade ball at Silverlake, New Years night, Jan. 1. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music. A fine time guaranteed.

**Birth of Well-Known Society.**  
The first society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded in England in 1824 by Mr. Martin, M. P.

## WILMOT

Ed Lonie is on the sick list.

Clarence Vincent is on the sick list.

Mrs. Geo. Winchell is much better.

School closed Thursday for a week's vacation.

Geo. Higgins and wife motored to Kenosha Friday.

Ben Nett and wife spent Sunday at Bassett.

Miss Grace Carey was a Burlington shopper Monday.

Miss Lelah Kennedy was a Kenosha shopper Wednesday.

Mr. Burroughs was in Milwaukee on business Thursday.

Miss Ethel Wright was a Chicago passenger Thursday.

Mrs. Chinn and Mrs. Shales of Antioch visited here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dean of Silverlake spent Sunday here.

Miss Emma Kruckman of Kenosha is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. R. C. Shotliff entertained company from Chicago this week.

Miss Faber will spend her vacation at her home in Marshfield, Wis.

Miss Bernice Peacock visited over Sunday with friends at Powers Lake.

Rollie Hegeman arrived home Saturday from Madison for his vacation.

Mrs. Geo. Faulkner entertained company from Pleasant Prairie Sunday.

Floyd Hanneman arrived home from Montana, Saturday for a vacation.

Misses Alice Bufton and Sadie Boulden arrived home Saturday from Madison.

Misses Ada and Edith Dean visited over Sunday with their brother at Bassett.

Miss Hazel Hegeman entertained the Wilmot Card club Monday evening.

Five hundred was played and a good time was enjoyed by all.

There will be a masquerade ball at Silverlake New Years night, Jan. 1. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music. A fine time guaranteed to all.

## TREVOR

Walker Curtis and Mr. Mickle were in Madison Tuesday.

The infant child of Philip Kizer died Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Joseph Smith did shopping in Antioch Saturday.

Will Mecklenburg and Arthur Parks were in Chicago Monday.

Miss Anna Holscher entertained the young ladies club Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Lubeno entertained the card party Saturday evening.

The teachers are planning to entertain their pupils and the parents at the hall Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Chas. Barber and daughter of Kenosha and Mrs. Vera Lubeno are spending the holidays at home.

Nelson Drom, Leonard Schmidcamp and Harold Mickle attended the picture show at Antioch Monday evening.

A number of our young people attended the Ladies German club at Miss Darby's of Wilmot Saturday.

The Liberty Sunday school will celebrate Christmas eve by giving a fine program at the church. All are invited.

There will be a dance at Baethke's hall, Trevor, Wis., on New Years night. Music by Hanneman's orchestra. Come and have a good time.

There will be a masquerade ball at Silverlake New Years night. Morrell's orchestra will furnish the music. A fine time guaranteed to all.

## HICKORY

Miss Smith visited over Sunday at the Hollenbeck home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wells and Gordon spent Sunday at Gages Lake.

Frank McCarthy and wife spent Sunday at the home of S. W. Ames.

Mrs. Andrew Peterson and daughter spent Thursday and Friday in Waukegan.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Hollenbeck entertained a few of the nearby friends last Thursday evening. Dave Pullen can tell you if there was anything in the line of refreshments.

**Optimistic Thought.**  
The dull world hath need of you.

## HEAVY BONDAGE OF CUSTOM

True Freedom Will Be Found to Be a Rare Gem, When All Things Are Considered.

Freedom is a priceless gem—and a rare one, also; for in spite of the fact that we live in an age of religious freedom, freedom of the press, freedom of speech and comparative freedom of our mode of living, yet we are bound in various ways—such ways that make real freedom rare. As a free-born race we could dress as we chose, eat as we chose and live as we chose, providing we did not encroach upon the rights of others. But this we do not do.

We dress as custom and fashion decree—be it comfortable or not, and we are quite careful to follow fashion's guiding finger though our daily life and from year to year. And so we are not free—but bound securely. What that bondage leads to may be seen any day on any street where people pass by.

Then there is another kind of freedom that should be highly prized and sought for, and that is courteous freedom of manner. Many persons live a rather lonely life simply because they never considered graciousness as worth cultivating. "Gush" and "splashing over" are unpardonable offenses to our conservative world.

And yet there is a happy medium between that and the coldly critical person. A little freedom is helpful in all walks of life—for high or low as our stations may be, we are of a common clay that must mold in time into common dust—for after a century or two who could distinguish dust of prince from dust of pauper?

It is worth while to bend a little—to be a bit friendly with the pilgrims passing along the road of life. For we need each other's aid and we need a certain sense of freedom in manner and speech. Frozen faces were never conducive to happy hearts. Unbend a little!—Dedham Transcript.

## MUCH BENEFIT IN MEDITATION

Better Than Discussion in Enabling One to Get a Correct View of Things.

In meditation we are free. We can consider one side and then the other without embarrassment. If we change our opinion because the weight of evidence has shifted, there is no one to exult over us and make us ashamed. If we recognize that we have been mistaken in our assumptions there is no one to say, "I told you so." We quietly make the necessary adjustments to ever changing reality, and go on with our business of thinking. We are not required to reach any predetermined conclusions. We have no nervous anxiety to catch any particular train of thought, as we are traveling on our own feet, and are willing to put up wherever the night finds us. Hence it is that while discussions go on with great vigor, and few are convinced except of the righteousness of their own cause, meditation often brings unexpected results. When we meditate we sometimes change our minds. This is a beneficial achievement, for it renders it unnecessary for us to spend all our strength in attempting to change the order of the universe and the whole direction of human progress, in order to get a sense of the fitness of things.—S. M. Crothers, in Atlantic Monthly.

**Odd Baby Tender.**  
The "baby tender" invented and used to this day in the Island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee is the substitute for the cradle which resists the advance of baby carriages and modern high chairs. In Marken, babies of both sexes are dressed exactly alike, the accepted fashion having been unchanged for three centuries. At so early an age is the infant incased in the stays of this costume that there is no use for a cradle for babies in Marken. The child is supported and kept out from under foot in a wooden contrivance serving both as a chair and cradle, which is mounted on small wheels so that it may be readily moved about. A shelf in front serves as a rest or receptacle for food or playthings.

**Your Pace.**  
Have you ever tried to pace off an eighth of a mile, or any other distance? If you pace an eighth of a mile you will probably find that it will take you considerably more than two hundred and twenty yards. The trained walker learns to gauge his pace accurately. Do you know how long your normal pace is? The way to find out how long it ought to be is to drop a string from your eyebrows to the floor. One-half of that distance is the normal pace. British soldiers are trained to step 31½ inches, the Germans one-half inch less, French and Austrian infantrymen step 30 inches, and Russians 27½.—The American Boy.

**Reasonable.**  
A Missouri dorky was endeavoring to sell a mule to a Jefferson City man, who, however, was in doubt as to the animal's age.

"It," said he, "this mule is as young as you claim, why is it that he bends so at the knees?"

"Oh, don't let that little fact worry you, boss," the negro hastened to say. "Dat mule bend at de laigs, but ain't due to no age dat he does. De hones' truf, boss, is dat I ain't had de money to look after dat mule de way he oughter been. My stable is kinder low an' dat mule he been obliged to stoop a little, dat's all."—Harper's Magazine.

**Annual "Holler" Day.**  
When children have their Christmas toys the house will ring with laughter gay; and thus, in truth, by girls and boys, 'Is Christmas made a "holler" day.

## Children and Old-Fashioned Toys



**CHILDREN** in conservative beings, even old-fashioned, when it comes to choosing toys. They aren't up to date and as full of the modern spirit of progress and invention as the toymakers believe them to be.

Thus spoke one who is a sort of professional Santa Claus—that is, he has played the part at so many Sunday school Christmas parties that he sometimes imagines he is growing cotton whiskers.

"They display the same quaint, simple, old-fashioned taste as their grandfathers and grandmothers when they were children," he continued. "Most of them, do, anyhow. Every year the toy manufacturers break loose with a new crop of automatic racing cars, aeroplanes, submarines, fire engines and kicking donkeys. If the children were constructed on the same nervous clock-work plan, they would give old Santa Claus no rest unless he kept up with all the modern inventions. Instead of toy soldiers they would demand mortar batteries, and they would not be satisfied with mooley cows, but would demand that they have pedigrees and give only certified milk and cream.

"They would not accept a Noah's ark unless it was a combination of the steamship Lusitania and a modern cement bungalow, with sleeping porches, twin-screw propellers, electric searchlights, wireless apparatus, second chattel mortgage—in fact, all the comforts of ship and home complete. They would require Mr. Noah to carry a pilot's license as well as a college degree in natural history. All the animals would have to be trained to do tricks, and poor Noah's family would have a fine time herding them while wearing wooden raincoats and stove-pipe hats.

"Fortunately children, real children, are not constructed that way. They want their arks on the old-fashioned plan, whereby you lift off the roof and find Noah minus his head, and most of the animals trying to hobble on three legs.

"Automobiles in miniature, with real

## HE WAS THANKFUL.



"John," said the Loving Wife, "I intended to get you a nice new necktie for Christmas, but I am ashamed to acknowledge that in the rush of the shopping I completely forgot it."

"Thank you, nevertheless," said the Happy Husband.

**Annual "Holler" Day.**  
When children have their Christmas toys the house will ring with laughter gay; and thus, in truth, by girls and boys, 'Is Christmas made a "holler" day.

## DIVIDE ALL GOOD FORTUNE

Eskimo Tribe Seems Never to Have Learned the Meaning of Selfishness.

Probably no more clannish—and unselfish—people exist than the natives of the arctic coast of Siberia, the lowest type of semi-savage Eskimos, a writer in the Youth's Companion remarks. They are ever thinking of one another's welfare, and if one comes into possession of anything of value, he never thinks of keeping it for himself, but calls the other members of the tribe to share with him. If a whale is taken, or a polar bear, caribou, or walrus is killed, the meat is divided among all the igloos. Even during the hard winter, when there is a shortage of food, if a seal is brought in by some fortunate hunter, the meat and blubber are equally distributed.

Four men from East Cape, the Siberian side of Behring strait, were taken aboard the whale ship Narwhal to make up the boat crews for whaling in the Arctic. All through the summer season they remained aboard the vessel, doing their share of the perilous and wearisome work. When the vessel returned to East Cape, on its way south, the captain made a pile of flour, sugar, hard bread, calico, tobacco, cartridges, needles and thread, tea, matches—everything dear to the Eskimo heart. It was their wages, and the Eskimo were proud of their wealth.

The walrus hide canoes came alongside and the four men were taken ashore with their riches. At the water's edge every article was delivered to waiting hands, and when the men who had worked all summer for these necessities and luxuries started for their igloos they carried all they kept for themselves in their hands. They were almost as poor as they were when they started on the cruise, but the village was temporarily happy—and so were they.

## WHY WASTE TIME FRETTING?

Common Form of Foolishness Most Noticeable Among Those of Weak Character.

There is one sin which, it seems, is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is common as air, as speech—so common, that unless it rises above its usual tone of discordant complaining, we do not even observe it. Observe any ordinary meeting of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody makes more or less complaining statements of something or other which probably everyone in the room, or in the street, may be known before, and no one can help but say, "It is hot."

It is dry; somebody has an appointment, ill-cooked, a mere stupidity or bad faith somewhere resulted in discomfort.

There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in course of every day's living, even the simplest. If one keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things: Even He Who says we are "born to trouble" sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackness of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

## Essential to Character.

It is bitter medicine, but the thing needed most in the human soul is discipline.

It is well to have force, genius, vigor, enthusiasm, love, power; but you may have them and be a criminal, maniac or a cad; you become great only when to these you add self-control.

The latest movement in education is toward developing the initiative of the child. This can hardly be carried too far. And the old, stupid method of thwarting, denying and browbeating little ones, just for the sake of discipline, cannot be too roundly condemned. But for all that there is danger that in our new eagerness to find and bring out the child's forces we may forget the prime need of strengthening his self-denial.—Woman's World.

## Behavior of Thunderstorms.

Rubber on one's heels as a protection against a flash of lightning—commended by the coroner at a recent inquiry—gets no support from Flammarion, who has specialized on the behavior of thunderstorms. Even an India rubber gait he thinks childish, as childish as silk umbrellas without iron ribs. Among his rules for safety, no generally recognized, is one forbidding us to run during a storm, for running causes movements of the air, and lightning is easily diverted along such a path. Don't ring bells, and avoid iron rails and telegraph posts, are among his hints.

## Britain's Pagan Code.

"Make the punishment fit the crime," was Sir Robert Anderson's Gilbertian text at a mansion house meeting of the St. Giles Christian mission.

Sir Robert, who was once head of the criminal investigation department, said: "Our criminal law is a pagan code, and the punishment of crime supports it. The proper way of punishing the punishment to the crime would be to make a man who steals a top give it back, or pay compensation. That way, in five or six years, I should have a sort of deputy assistant millennium."—London Chronicle.



# HOLIDAY GREETING

## FOR LADIES

English Ivory Goods  
35c. to \$10.00

We guarantee these to be absolutely first class goods, beautiful and durable. Brush and Comb sets, Manicure sets, Paper Cutters, Letter Openers, Clocks, Hair Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Vanity Cases, Powder Boxes, Hair Receivers, Tooth Brushes, Tooth Brush Holders, and Card Cases.

Ebony Toilet Goods  
25c. to \$2.00

Hand Painted China

We have a choice assortment of pieces at 50c to \$3.50

(Painted by Miss Bertha Katzenberg, Genoa Junction, Wis.)

Also other dishes at, - - 10c to \$1.00

## Stationery

A handsome line of "Saxon Linen Lawn" in plain boxes at 50c. (The box will look just as seasonable 4th of July as it does now.) Better quality paper than you can buy in a fancy box.

## Candy

We have the finest assortment and largest stock of box candy in town. All best quality and guaranteed fresh. 25c. to \$1.00 per box. Finest bulk chocolates at 40c. per lb.

Don't fail to see our 5 lb., prize box of chocolates to be given away Xmas Eve to lucky number. A number with each 25c purchase in our store.

## CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

This is the year for useful presents. We give below a list of practical gifts that are useful as well as ornamental; things that can be used every day in the year. If you are in doubt as to what to give look this over carefully, then come in and see the goods. A small deposit will reserve any article. Choose from a full stock.

Come in and look around. Always  
a pleasure to show our goods whether  
you wish to buy or not.

Merry Christmas

## KING'S DRUG STORE

ANTIOCH,

Tel. 202.

ILLINOIS

## FOR GENTLEMEN

### Safety Razors

Gem, Ever-Ready, Gillette, Weck; at \$1 to \$5. Let us show you the Weck. (The best one in the bunch at \$2.)

### Pipes.

To suit the most particular man, 25c. to \$5. With and without cases.

### Cigars

We have them in boxes at \$1, \$2 and \$4. All popular brands—Tom Keene, San Felice, Chancelors etc.

### Shaving Accesories

Shaving sets, mirrors, mugs, shaving soap, (bar and sticks), lotions, brushes, etc.

### Pocket Books

A purse or bill book to meet YOUR requirements 25c to \$2.00

### Also Chamois Vests

Thermos Bottles, etc., etc.

### For Baby

Ivory toilet sets, rattles, pacifiers and etc.

### For the Children

Toys, games, dolls, blackboards, paints, candy etc. We don't intend to carry any toys over. Better see our prices.

### For Everybody

Xmas and New Year post cards. Big assortment 1c. to 10c. Post card albums

Also pictures, picture frames, chamois vests, leather card cases, etc., etc.

### Books

Which makes a long remembered Xmas present. We have a large assortment.

### Kodaks

Acceptable present for young and old. Brownies at \$1 to \$3. Kodaks at \$6 to \$20.



## Merry Christmas to all

Christmas will soon be here and a good present to make will be  
a nice pair of warm slippers.

### THESE ARE WHAT WE HAVE:

Fur top slippers for ladies	\$1.00	<b>MEN'S SLIPPERS</b>	
Fancy slippers with ribbon	\$1.25	in tan, good quality	\$1.50
Plain slippers	\$1.00	in black, good quality	\$1.30
Felt slippers	50c	All felt, good quality	60c
		<b>ROMEOES</b>	
		in tan, good quality	\$1.70
		in black, good quality	\$1.70

## CITY SHOE STORE

J. R. CRIBB, Prop.

Antioch, Ill.





## Santa's Christmas

By MARY D. ARNOTT



LINDENETTE struggled vainly with the tears that squeezed at last through tired eyelids. It was not often that the brave little homemaker gave way to grief, but in the present moment she seemed unable to control her emotion.

In the next room childish voices prattled joyously. Lindenette had not found the heart to tell them that Christmas would have to come and go without the much heralded visit from Santa Claus. Since the loss of both parents Lindenette had managed to keep a roof over the heads of her small brother and sister and had provided food for their slight frames. What did it matter if her cheeks had lost their roses and her lips their cheery bloom? The smile lingered. That was all that mattered.

She brushed her tears aside and arose to answer an unexpected summons from the knocker. She looked her surprise at the great man who stood on her tiny porch.

"I have come in search of one Linden Lane," the stranger said with a smile to which the girl responded.

"The name is unusual," admitted Lindenette, "and my own is even more impossible—being Lindenette Lane. May I ask you in from the cold?" She opened the door and Marvin Goodwin entered the pitifully barren room into which she led him. His eyes followed the girl rather than the contents of the room.

Two small, pale faces peered at him from the kitchen door, and Goodwin smiled at them.

"Do I look like Santa Claus?" he asked them by way of breaking the ice.

"No, you don't," returned the boy, bluntly. "Besides, Linda says it may be too cold for Santa Claus to come out this year." There was a wall from the little sister, and the boy strove vainly to conceal his disappointment at this announcement.

Linda gave them each a hug and told them to run along. When they had gone she turned to Goodwin with inquiry in her eyes.

"My errand is a pleasant one," he said quickly, for his own voice was none too controlled. "It will add to your happiness, I know." He drew a memorandum from his pocket, and after consulting it asked: "Your father, Linden Lane? Did he live in Stillwater, Minn., 22 years ago?"

"Yes," replied Linda, with a flush of excitement lending roses to her cheeks. "I was born there."

"Then, to come directly to the point," Goodwin told her, "we find two depos-



its of \$25 each in two of our banks there. One Linden J. Lane opened the account 22 years ago."

Linda laughed softly.

"My father used always to fear bank failures, and put small amounts in many banks." She turned sparkling eyes upon Goodwin. "We thought we had collected all his savings," she said.

"These two nests were undiscovered," the man laughed, "and the hens have been laying golden eggs. You have, at this very minute \$300—"

"Three hundred dollars! Oh!" she impulsively held out her two tollworn little hands. "It is a fortune! The children! They can have their Santa Claus!"

Goodwin found himself feeling happier than he remembered having felt before. Was it the knowledge that he had been the Good Fairy in this small family, or was it something more subtle, more wonderful that had crept into his mind?

He laughed a trifle nervously.

"I am going to ask for immediate payment for the joy I have found for you," he said and when Linda's questioning eyes met his he said impetuously: "Let me come tomorrow—and help make Christmas glad for the children. May I come?"

Linda glanced at him with a new shyness. "Yes," she said, simply. "If you like I will go with you to help get that Christmas tree."

Next morning Linda and the children were up early.

The crackling of the fire as it roared up the stovepipe created a spirit of cheerfulness that greeted Marvin Goodwin when he presented himself at an early hour.

"Oh!" shouted Bobby, "here's our own Santa Claus!" His eyes were glued to the armful of packages Goodwin deposited on the table.

"Bobby!" cried Linda.

"Haven't you ever been Santa Claus before?" queried Peggy.

"Never! This is my very first experience. I hope I will acquit myself with proper dignity."

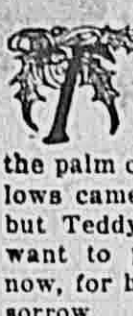
And Linda's eyes, over the heads of the children, looked down deep into Goodwin's big soul, and unconsciously she let the man read what her heart was saying.

"Next Christmas," he was saying in his mind, "Linda will have permanent roses in her cheeks, and her eyes will be mine, and that will be all the happiness one Santa Claus could have."

Lindenette smiled.

## Plenty of Proof

By O. F. WOODRUFF



TEDDY sat upon the top step of the stairs that led to the street and rested his chin in the palm of his hand. Some of the fellows came along and hulloed to him, but Teddy didn't answer. He didn't want to play with the fellows just now, for he was battling with a great sorrow.

Tom had said it, so it must be true, for Tom was eight years old and didn't have to go to bed until 8 o'clock. Teddy's hour for retiring was half past 7, and he realized that the extra half hour made a man of the world out of Tom, while it left the unfortunate Teddy still a baby.

Tom had stuck his hands into his pockets—Tom's trousers were lovely and rough, just like his father's—and had swaggered around telling all the fellows that there wasn't any Santa Claus! When questioned further, he had said that there used to be, but that this year there wasn't going to be, and there never would be again.

No Santa Claus! If Teddy hadn't been six years old, he might have cried, but of course one as old as he never cried.

Teddy wondered if he'd better tell his mother. He decided he wouldn't. Why should his mother, whom he loved so dearly, be made to suffer any longer than was necessary?

It was hard, though, during the next two weeks, which seemed like years, not to tell, and when Christmas eve came and his mother gayly brought out his biggest pair of stockings and



hung them up at the end of the mantle he could hardly keep back the tears. How disappointed he and his mother would be when they got up in the morning and found the stockings empty! She leaned over and kissed him tenderly. "Are you tired, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem as happy as usual!"

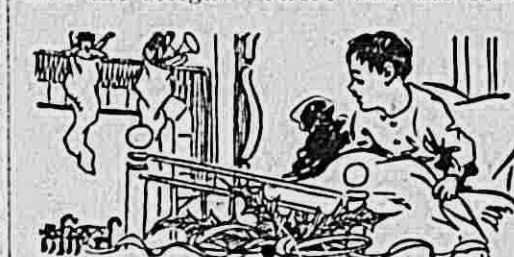
Teddy assured her, as well as he was able for the lump in his throat, that he was perfectly well. His mother, like the wise one that she was, didn't press the question. She merely drew up her low rocking chair and sat beside the bed until she thought Linda was asleep and then she crept quietly down stairs.

Teddy lay for a long time after she went, watching the firelight flicker on the walls. He couldn't go to sleep and besides what was the use, when there wasn't anything to wake up for? A good many tears rolled out of the corners of his eyes, but he didn't care now.

He must have lain there for about four or ten hours, he thought, and had just shut his eyes to rest them from the light, when he heard a sound, a very little bit of a sound. He sat up quickly in bed and listened eagerly, because it sounded, it really did sound, as if it might be sleighbells. In a minute, he didn't know just how, he was leaning out of the window.

He didn't feel as if he had walked there at all, but more as if he had just skinned along without any effort on his part, as if he had been some sort of delightful fish bird. He leaned away out of the window, not feeling a bit afraid of falling, and looked down upon the street.

Yes, down there on the street, as plain as day, he could see the reindeer shaking their long horns and prancing until the bells that seemed almost to cover them filled the air with their musical jingle. And then there was a gleam of red. Somebody was climbing into the sleigh! There was the echo



of a jovial voice calling, the horns of the reindeer quivered joyfully, their little feet pawed the ground, then the whole turnout seemed to leap into the air, and like a flash was gone!

Teddy rubbed his eyes. It was funny! He thought he was at the window, but here he was in bed.

He sat up and looked around the room. The fire in the grate had gone out, but the gray light of the morning was beginning to steal through the curtains. Teddy slid out of bed and crept softly to the fireplace.

The stockings were bulging in all directions, as had been their exhilarating wont in other years! He put out his hand and touched one of them gently. It was no dream! The stockings were full to overflowing!

With a little sighing, whispering wheeze of joy and relief Teddy clasped his hands until the knuckles showed as white as the snow outside. Then with a cry of absolute delight he dashed into his mother's room.

She opened a pair of sleepy eyes at the sound of the pattering little feet. Teddy threw himself upon her, laughing and sobbing.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" he cried. "He come after all! Santa Claus did come! Santa Claus did come! He did, he did, he did!"—Chicago Daily News.

## A Silver Tea Caddy

By SOPHY F. GOULD



HE was a frail-looking little girl, who had been self-supporting for over three years, since her mother died, and was tired now, as she walked through the street crowded with shopgirls like herself.

Listlessly, in order for a minute to avoid the onrush of hurrying humans, she paused before a shop window where antiques of all kinds were grouped attractively.

There was little in the window to interest a mite of a girl earning a paltry \$6 a week, yet of a sudden her eyes, a moment before so tired, lighted excitedly, and a casual observer might have noticed how exquisitely beautiful they were. The tired line of her mouth also relaxed, and hopefully she stepped closer to the plate glass and peered for a long, concentrated moment at a silver tea caddy of quaint design.

After a second's hesitation she opened the door and walked bravely into the little shop.

"The tea caddy?" she asked of the woman who greeted her inquiringly. "How much is it?"

"The little silver one?" The woman looked her surprise, as she noted the shabby black coat and much-worn skirt. "You wanted to buy it?" she asked kindly, for something in the girl's eyes made her know she was in earnest. "It is \$25."

"Twenty-five dollars!" the girl gasped, and as suddenly as it had come the brightness left her eyes. "Twenty-five," she repeated. "I'm afraid I could never afford that." She gripped her pay envelope firmly and, turning, walked out of the shop.

In her tiny room, as she cooked her meager dinner over the gas plate, and later, when lying wide awake in her narrow bed, she thought of the beautiful tea caddy. She thought until it became a cherished ideal, vested with wonderful scenes among the great people of the world.

The following day she neglected her lunch, and hurried to the shop to once more view the wonderful caddy.

When she entered the woman greeted her warmly, for the expression in her eyes had proved haunting to the woman all the past night.

"Did you really want to buy the caddy?" she asked, as she handed it to the girl, "for if you do—"

"I must buy it," she interrupted, as she took it reverently in her two hands, "but I can't pay the money all at once." She hesitated.

"How much could you pay?" The woman suddenly understood the girl's



need, and a great kindness came to her. "Perhaps we could come to terms."

"I have \$2 that I have saved, and I think I can spare 50 cents each week. I only make \$6," she added, apologetically.

"Six dollars!" the woman gasped, as the enormity of the girl's project came to her. "You may have it at your own terms," she said impulsively.

"Oh!" For a moment the girl held it to her breast, then she handed the money without regret to the woman.

In the days that followed the woman became very fond of the girl, for she came often to gaze with awe upon the silver caddy of quaint design, and in the short visits the woman learned to know what a difference an ideal can make in a life. In watching the girl's love for the thing that kept her poorer than she need have been the woman found her own life broadening.

On Christmas eve a young man persistently tried to buy the caddy, until the woman finally told him the story of its sale. He listened in wonder, and then asked for the name of the girl, who seemed so great a marvel that he wanted his mother to see and help her.

The same evening, after the young man had left, the girl made her final payment, and with a wild joy throbbing in her heart carried the tea caddy home, and with it a beautiful bunch of holly, a festive touch from the woman.

She had pinched hard to save the 50 cents each week, but her reward was great, and worth the happiness the ideal had always given her.

It was again Christmas eve, and a dainty woman, wrapped in a soft fur coat, opened the door of the little shop, and with extended hand came to the woman. "Merry Christmas!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember me?"

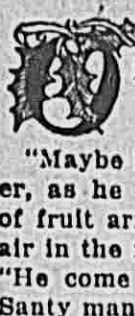
In the deep, winsome eyes there was something familiar, and suddenly the woman threw her arms about the girl, and peering over her head espied the man.

"We have just been married," he explained. "My mother found her for me, and we wanted to come to thank you for what you have done."

"I have missed your example so," the woman held her very close, laughing softly through her tears, for they were suddenly all so happy, and it was Christmas, for outside faraway bells were ringing.

## Rosie's Santy Man

By IRENE BEACH



OH DEAR! I wish he'd come," sighed Rosie Perone.

"Maybe he be sick," said the brother, as he dusted carefully the array of fruit arranged with such a holiday air in the narrow window of his shop. "He come if he not sick. You wait, Santy man no forget."

But Rosie in spite of her brother's encouraging words became very impatient. Finally she started in search of the kind friend, who was none other than the Santy of her street. Not the real Santy of Christmas eve, but a man who just pretended he was the same jovial friend of holly and cheer and wore a cloak and hat of red, faced with fur, and carried instead of a long whip to urge tired reindeer, a sign which told of a wonderful toyshop just around the corner.

A week before Pietro had seen from his little shop windows this same Santy man stagger and fall. Then both he and Rosie had helped the stranger into the fruit shop, where food and sympathy had been generously given. Now, it was the day before Christmas and the stranger who each day had stopped at Pietro's little shop had failed to appear.

"Maybe—he up the street somewhere," the brother had called to Rosie. "When you see him, tell him, tomorrow we look for him to eat with us. Yes?"

Rosie nodded and went on down the long avenue. There was a gentle snow falling, just enough to add to the street the touch of Christmas. But nowhere



could Rosie see the kind Santy man of her street, who had told her such wonderful tales of toys, fairies and of the real country of deep hills and red sunsets.

Suddenly she thought of something, a something so different that it made her heart go thump-thump. She would go to the wonderful toyshop, just around the corner and see for herself, if her friend was there.

But not a tired, hurried clerk of the shop had time to answer Rosie's questions. Finally she approached a tall gray-haired man standing in the center of the long aisle. She felt certain he would know something about the Santy of her street.

"Please, do you know our Santy man?"

"Who?" asked the man.

"The Santy man, who wore a red coat, cap and carried a sign?"

"No, I don't. What is it you want to buy, little girl?"

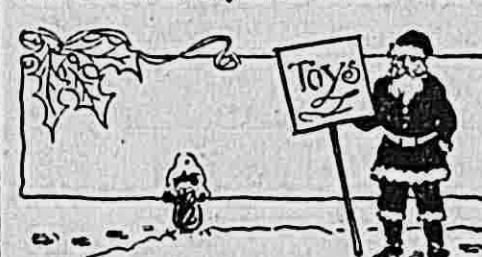
"I don't want to buy nothin'. I'm just lookin' for the Santy man of my street. He—" Then Rosie could say no more. The lumps would stick in her throat, no matter how hard she swallowed.

Just what might have happened is hard to say, if a lady standing near hadn't heard what Rosie said and wanted to help her. She knew exactly what to do.

An hour later, after seeing Pietro at his little shop, Rosie rode away with the lady, who was very beautiful, by the way, in her big automobile, to the hospital, where the poor Santy had been taken the night before.

It was a wondering, curious little Rosie, who followed her friend down the long, cool hall to the ward where the sick Santy man lay. Timidly she walked to the man's bedside. He saw her. He held out his hand. Rosie grabbed it and held it close and fast in her own little hands.

"Oh—I'm so glad you're found. Me and Pietro love you so much. I never



would have found you if the beautiful lady hadn't—"

But Rosie didn't finish the sentence, for Santy hadn't heard a word she was saying. He was staring with deep, strange eyes at the lady, who had drawn nearer the sick man's bed.

"Sis," he whispered.

"Bob," she answered.

There Rosie sat with shivering eyes and a little heart thumping and listened to the wonderful story of her Santy man and the lady. Santy was none other than the lady's brother, whom she hadn't seen since the day, years and years ago, he ran away to sea. And the lady? She was the beautiful fairy of the toy-shop.

"And did you know all the time she owned it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you go and see her?"

"Because I was too poor, sick and proud."

Now, of course, like all stories where fairies and Santy hold forth, everybody was glad and lived happy ever afterward. It was a wonderful day for Rosie and Pietro.

And up and down Rosie's street, too, there was gladness; for the good news had spread to the children, Rosie and the sparrows told, that the Santy man of their street had found a sister.

## Caleb's Conversion

By HAZEL OSWALD



IT WAS Christmas eve, and Caleb Churton, the money-lender, sat in his great dining room, surrounded by all that makes for luxurious living.

"So Jack preferred his artist's work to this," he mused, chuckling contemptuously while he half spoke the words.

Ten years before, his elder brother had told their father that he was not cut out for a Shylock, that he preferred to get a living by pleasant means than his fellow beings' flesh and blood, and had gone out into the world cursed by the father and laughed at by his brother.

It was three years later—and 12 months after he had announced his marriage to a fellow artist's daughter—that old Churton died, leaving all the business to Caleb, and not mentioning Jack Churton by so much as a single word in his will.

To do him justice, Caleb had rebelled against this as much as he could, but he had found out that his brother was able to keep his head above water, and after offering him a share—only to be indignantly refused—Caleb applied himself to the task of doubling his father's wealth.

All these things went through his brain as he sat by his fire. Of a sudden a thought struck him.

"I will go and parade my wealth before them—will make the wife bitterly envious and Jack sorry that he ever refused me!"

With this amiable intention he rose, ordered his automobile to be brought



out, and was soon whirling toward Jack's home.

Suddenly the auto stopped, and he got out, telling the chauffeur to return in an hour, not longer.

"If I am finished before, I can spend the time somewhere," he thought.

Up the steps of the great apartment he went until he came to a door labeled 42. Then he knocked, and getting no answer, entered very quietly finding the door not locked.

He looked round the tiny hall, and then stepped into the first room.

"Are you Santa Claus?"

The timid little query stopped him in his wanderings, and he looked down to his feet to see a sunny-haired, blue-eyed little mite gravely regarding him.

"But no, you can't be Santa Claus for he's ever so old, and has got a white beard and a long coat, and a big bag full of toys, and comes down the chimney, and doesn't come till after I've gone to bed, and—"

She paused in her list of details for want of breath, and the first time for many years, Churton laughed heartily.

"You queer little mite," he said, "I'm not Santy. Who are you?"

"I'm Gladys Churton, and I'm not queer. I'm very well, thank you."

"So you are Gladys," he said.

"Where are your father and mother?"

"They've gone out to buy some things for me, and they told me to be ever so good. They will be back soon."

Churton looked around him. It was so pleasant, so happy, evidently, and the home he had left seemed to lack a great deal. He sighed.

"What's the matter, strange man?"

"Nothing, dear."

"But there must be something. I always go like that when I want a doll, and mamma won't buy it for me. Is your little girl naughty?"

"I haven't got a little girl."

"Poor strange man!" with a clouding of her sunny face. Then, sudden-



ly, "look out, here come mamma and dad! Let's hide."

"All right, dear, tell me where."

Hastily she drew him behind a curtain, and followed.

"Where's my girly?" in a clear, happy voice.

The mite ran out and struggled in her mother's arms.

"You don't know who else is here," she said importantly. "There's a strange man, and—poor dear!—he hasn't got a little girl, and he isn't happy."

She ran back to the curtain and dragged out a somewhat dusty, shame-faced individual.

"I came to see you—felt a bit lonely—Hang it all! Jack, I want a taste of home life, and escape from the eternal accounts. No," as the clear, blue eyes of the baby were fixed on him, "that's a lie. I came here to show off my wealth, and to make you envious; but your little ray of sunshine here took the conceit out of me. Hang it, man, take me in, for pity's sake, and let me be human this Christmas-tide. The money can go. I must stay here."

When Churton's man came back, he was told that the master would not be home for some days.

## Simpson's Christmas

By KENNETH RAND



OOLS!" said Mr. Simpson, "Idiota!" he added. "Even if they are my own relatives!" he supplemented with a dogged shake of his partially bald head.

The souvenir postal card which called forth his opprobrious language had just arrived.

"Look at this, will you?" He turned the card over in his fingers.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!" Mr. Simpson read the inscription. Then he turned it over.

"We want you with us day after tomorrow for a good, old-fashioned family reunion around the festive Christmas board!" He read in three lines of handwriting on the other side of the card.

"There you are!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "There you are, doggone it!"

He waved the card violently around in the air at arm's length as he continued muttering.

"They send you one of these paper dollies from a madhouse dining room," went on Mr. Simpson to the listening walls of the room of which he was the only occupant—"with 'Peace on earth, good-will to men' on one side, and on the other an invitation to take a six-hour trip out into the slushy country for a rotten meal with a gang of people who drive me crazy at the thought of being related to, every time I see 'em."

"Here I am," he said, regretfully shaking his head over his hard lot in life, "here I am, planning that I'll be comfortable for at least one Christmas, anyway. Family away-in Florida for the winter; me here all alone, to do just as I like—and now along comes this—this summons to spend a day being miserable!"

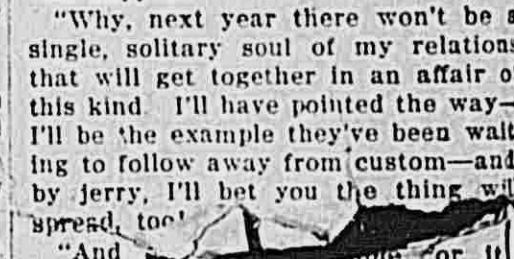
Suddenly Mr. Simpson sat up straight in his chair.

"By jerry!" he ejaculated suddenly. "By jerry—what's to hinder me from being the martyr in the cause? What's to prevent me from putting an end to this dad-dinged practice—huh?"

"Suppose I don't go to this Christmas reunion? Suppose I stay home here and enjoy my day of peace on earth in the way I want to? What will happen?"

"Why, next year there won't be a single, solitary soul of my relations that will get together in an affair of this kind. I'll have pointed the way—I'll be the example they've been waiting to follow away from custom—and by jerry, I'll bet you the thing will spread, too!"

"And—suppose for it added me a joyously—"If



stay away, just this once, from the Christmas party I've been invited to.

"And think of the good I'll do to other people, too!" he added. "Ho! grateful the public will be to me for pointing out the way to their own release from this idiotic custom of sacrificing themselves!"

"Why, I shouldn't wonder if there would be a statue erected to me as the first man who stayed away from family reunion at this holiday! I can see it now, labeled: 'The People's Santa Claus—He Gave Us What We Wanted Most for Christmas!'"

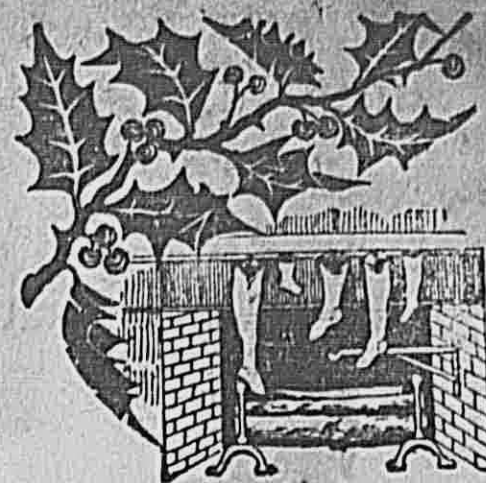
And so, in pleasant reflection upon the perfection of his plan as he had carried it out, Mr. Simpson's thoughts ran until Christmas morning.





1914

# CHRISTMAS DAY



1914

## WILLIAMS BRO'S.

### ANTIOCH DEPARTMENT STORE

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Invite you to make your selection for Holdiday Presents from these large variety of seasonable goods. We have almost any article suitable for an acceptable present to the little folks, the young people or growups. Contributing to their amusement, their entertainment or their comfort.

It will be easy to obtain here almost any article needed to make a complete Christmas or New Year's Dinner.

Thanking the people of Antioch and vicinity as well as our Chicago friends who have enabled us to complete the heaviest year's business, we have ever done. That you may all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with a continuance of health, wealth and prosperity, is the wishes of

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WILLIAMS BROS'. ANTIOCH STORE  
(INCORPORATED)

# NEW YEAR'S DAY

1915

1915





# Santa Claus and Little Billie

By John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "A House-Boat on the Stix," "The Idiot," etc.

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

**H**E was only a little bit of a chap, and so, when for the first time in his life he came into close contact with the endless current of human things, it was as hard for him to "stay put" as for some wayward little atom of floss and jetsam to keep from tossing about in the surging tides of the sea.

His mother had left him there in the big toy shop, with instructions not to move until she came back, while she went off to do some mysterious errand. She thought, no doubt, that with so many beautiful things on every side to delight his eye and hold his attention, strict obedience to her commands would not be hard. But, alas, the good lady reckoned not upon the magnetic power of attraction of all those lovely objects in detail.

When a photograph at the other end of the shop began to rattle off melodious tunes and funny jokes, in spite of the instruction Little Billie had received, off he popped as fast as his little legs would carry him to investigate. After that, forgetful of everything else, finding himself caught in the constantly moving stream of Christmas shoppers, he was borne along by the irresistible current until he found himself at last out upon the street—alone, free, and independent.

It was great fun, at first. By and by, however, the afternoon waned, and Little Billie began to grow tired. He thought of his mamma, and tried to find the shop where he had promised to remain quiet until her return. Up and down the street he wandered until his little legs grew weary, but there was no sign of the shop, nor of the beloved face he was seeking.

Once again, and for the third time, after that, did the little fellow reverse that upward highway, his feet going backward and harder to keep back, and then—by a sort of jolt—should he see walking slowly along the sidewalk but Santa Claus himself! The saint was strangely decorated with two queer-looking humps, with his red letters on them, being over his back and chest.

With a glad cry of happiness, Little Billie ran to meet the old fellow, and put his hand gently into that of the saint. He thought it very strange that Santa Claus's hand should be so red and cold and rough, and so chubby, but he was not in any mood to be critical.

Santa Claus, of course, would recognize him at once, and would know just how to take him back to his mamma at home—wherever that might be. Little Billie had never thought to inquire just where home was. All he knew was that it was a big gray one house on a long street corner, with a tall iron railing in front of it, not far from the park.

"Howdiddo, Mr. Santa Claus?" said Little Billie, as the other's hand unconsciously tightened over his own. "Why, howdiddo, kiddie?" replied the old fellow, glancing down at the boy's round face, with surprise gleaming from his deep-set eyes. "Where do you drop from?"

"Oh, I'm out," said Little Billie. "My mamma left me a little while ago while she went off about something, and I guess I got losted. It's all right now, I'm found again, and—"

"Yes, indeed, you're found all right," said Santa Claus, smiling. "But you're a little late. The pretty soon you'll take me

home again, won't you?" said the child.

"Surest thing you know!" answered Santa Claus, looking down upon the bright but tired little face with a comforting smile. "Where do you live?"

"As if you didn't know that!" cried Little Billie, giggling.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Santa Claus. "Can't fool you, can I? It would be funny if, after keeping an eye on you all these years since you was a baby, I didn't know where you lived, eh?"

"Awful funny," agreed Little Billie. Just then Little Billie noticed for the first time the square boards that Santa Claus was wearing.

"What are you wearing those boards for, Mr. Santa Claus?" he asked.

If the lad had looked closely enough, he would have seen a very unhappy look come into the old man's face; but there was nothing of it in his answer.

"Oh, those are my new-fangled back and chest protectors, my lad," he replied. "Sometimes we have bitter winds blowing at Christmas, and I have to be ready for them. It wouldn't do for Santa Claus to come down with the sneezes at Christmas time, you know—no, sree! This board in front keeps the wind off my chest, and

the one behind keeps me from getting pneumonia in my back. They are a great protection against the weather."

"You've got letters printed there," said the boy, peering around in front of his companion. "What do they spell? You know I haven't learned to read yet."

"Well, Christmas to everybody!" said Santa Claus. "I guess the words printed there on that everybody can see them, and if I don't, wouldn't you be a merry Christmas wish to me?"

They walked on for a while, and then Little Billie was beginning to feel most uncomfortable. He was a little out of breath, and he was a little out of humor. Finally, however, the little fellow spoke.

"I guess I'd like to go home now, Mr. Santa Claus," he said. "I'm tired, and I'm afraid my mamma will be wondering where I've gone to."

"That's so, my little man," said Santa Claus, stopping short in his walk up and down the block. "Your mother will be worried, for a fact; and your father, too—I know how I'd feel if my little boy got losted and hadn't come home at dinner time. I don't believe you know where you live, though—now, honestly! Come! Tell up, Billie, you don't know where you live, do you?"

"Why, yes, I do," said Little Billie. "It's in the big gray stone house with the iron fence in front of it, near the park."

"Oh, that's easy enough!" laughed Santa Claus nervously. "Anybody could say he lived in a gray stone house with a fence around it, near the park; but you don't know what street it's on, nor the number, either. I'll bet fourteen wooden shingles against a monkey on a stick."

"No, I don't," said Little Billie. "But I know the number of our orymobile. It's—N Y."

"Fine!" laughed Santa Claus. Then he reflected for a moment, eyeing the child anxiously.

"I don't believe you even know your papa's name," he said.

"Yes, I do," said Little Billie. "His name is Mr. Harrison, and he owns a bank."

"Splendid! Made of tin, I suppose, with a nice little hole at the top to drop pennies into?" said Santa Claus.

"No, it ain't, either," retorted Little Billie. "It's made of stone, and it's I went down there with my mamma to papa's office the other day, so I guess I ought to know."

"Well, I should say so," said Santa Claus. "Nobody better. By the way, Billie, what does your mamma call your papa? Billie, like you?" he added.

"Oh, no, indeed," returned Little Billie. "She calls him papa, except once in a while when he's going away, and then she says, 'Good-by, Toot!'"

"Fine again!" said Santa Claus, blowing upon his fingers, for, now

that the sun had completely disappeared over in the west, it was getting very cold. "Thomas Harrison, banker," he muttered to himself. "What, with the telephone book and the city directory, I guess we can find our way home with Little Billie."

He led the little fellow into a public telephone station, where he eagerly scanned the names in the book. At last last it was found—"Thomas Harrison, seven-six-five-four Plaza." And then, in the confusion of the telephone booth, Santa Claus sent the gladdest of all Christmas messages over the wire to two distracted parents:

"I have found your boy wandering in the street. He is safe, and I will bring him home right away."

Fifteen minutes later, there might have been seen the strange spectacle of a footsore Santa Claus leading a sleepy little boy up Fifth Avenue to a cross street, which shall be nameless. The boy vainly endeavored to persuade his companion to "come in and meet mamma."

"No, Billie," the old man replied sadly, "I must hurry back. You see, kiddie, this is my busy day."

But it was not to be as Santa Claus wished, for Little Billie's papa, and his mamma, and his brothers and sisters, and the butler and the housemaids were waiting at the front door when they arrived.

Led by Little Billie's persistent father, Santa Claus went into the house. Now that the boy could see him in the full glare of many electric lights, his form did not seem the most gorgeous thing in the world. When the flapping front of his red jacket flew open, the child was surprised to see how ragged was the thin gray coat it covered, and as for the good old saint's comfortable stomach—strange to say, it was bare!

"I wish you all a merry Christmas," said Santa Claus. "But I really must be going, so—"

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Harrison. "Don't you have got rid of this devil, and—"

"I can't stay, sir," said Santa. "I have my job to do."

"Well, what if you do? I'll give you a better one," said the banker.

"I can't—I can't!" faltered the man. "I've got a Little Billie of my own at home waiting for me, sir. If I hadn't," he added firmly, "do you suppose I'd be out here?"

He pointed at the painted boards, and said:

"I guess Santa Claus is tired, papa," said Little Billie, ambling up close to the old fellow and holding both of his hands sympathetically. "His been walking a lot today."

"Yes, my son," said Mr. Harrison. "These are very busy times for Santa Claus, and I guess that, as he still has a hard night ahead of him, James had better bring up Harry and tell him to bring the car around right away, so that we may take him home to his little bed. We'll have to leave him a little while."

"Oh, said Little Billie. "I'll have to tell you about these boards, papa. They are made of tin, and they are printed with the words 'Christmas to everybody!' on them. I guess the words printed there on that everybody can see them, and if I don't, wouldn't you be a merry Christmas wish to me?"

They walked on for a while, and then Little Billie was beginning to feel most uncomfortable. He was a little out of breath, and he was a little out of humor. Finally, however, the little fellow spoke.

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# The Gifts That Failed

By GEORGE ADE

(Copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

**M**R SIDNEY PAYSON was full of the bitterness of Christmas. Mr. Payson was the kind of man who loved to tell invalids that they were not looking as well as usual, and who frightened young husbands by predicting that they would regret having married. He seldom put the seal of approval on any human undertaking. It was a matter of pride with him that he never failed to find the sinister motive for the act which other people applauded. Some of his close friends used to say that Satan had got the upper hand with him, but there were others who indicated that it might be true.

Think of the seething wrath and the sense of humiliation with which Mr. Sidney Payson set about his Christmas shopping! In the first place, to go shopping for Christmas presents was the most conventional thing that anyone could do, and Mr. Payson hated conventionalities. For another thing, the giving of Christmas presents carried with it some testimony of affection, and Mr. Payson regarded any display of affection as one of the graver symptoms of barbarous taste.

If he could have assembled his relations at a Christmas gathering and opened a few old family wounds, reminding his brother and his two sisters of some of their youthful follies, thus shaming them before the children, Mr. Sidney Payson might have managed to make out a rather merry Christmas. Instead of that, he was condemned to go out and purchase gifts and be as cheerily polite as the other wretched mortals with whom he was being carried along. No wonder that he chafed and rebelled and vainly wished that he could hang upside down every Christmas tree in the universe.

Mr. Sidney Payson hated the task, and he was puzzled by it. After wading through two stores and finding in each 200 presents he had been unable to make one selection, it seemed to him that all the articles offered for sale were stupidly and tastelessly inappropriate. The question of giving presents to his relations was a matter of deep concern to him, and he was determined to do it right.

At last, however, he decided to give up the task, and he went home to his wife and children. He was a little out of breath, and he was a little out of humor. Finally, however, the little fellow spoke.

"I guess I'd like to go home now, Mr. Santa Claus," he said. "I'm tired, and I'm afraid my mamma will be wondering where I've gone to."

"That's so, my little man," said Santa Claus, stopping short in his walk up and down the block. "Your mother will be worried, for a fact; and your father, too—I know how I'd feel if my little boy got losted and hadn't come home at dinner time. I don't believe you know where you live, though—now, honestly! Come! Tell up, Billie, you don't know where you live, do you?"

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"Oh, no, indeed," returned Little Billie. "She calls him papa, except once in a while when he's going away, and then she says, 'Good-by, Toot!'"

"Fine again!" said Santa Claus, blowing upon his fingers, for, now

"All right, I'll take them," he said. "I want them for my nephew Fred. He likes funny stories."

The salesgirl looked at him wonderingly.

"Now, then, I want a love story," said Mr. Payson. "I have a maiden sister who is president of a Ruskin club and writes essays about Rudinow. I want to give her a book that tells about a girl named Mabel who is loved by Mr. Heeter Something or Other. Give me a book that is full of hugs and kisses and beating bosoms and all that sort of rot. Get just as far away from Ibsen and Howells and Henry James as you can possibly get."

"Here is a book that all the girls in the store say is very good," replied the young woman. "It is called 'Virgile's Heterothal,' or 'The Stranger at Hiredwood Manor.' It's by Imogene Hyatt Heaulero."

"If it's what it sounds to be, it's just what I want," said Payson, showing his teeth at the young woman with a devilish gleam. "You say the girls here in the store like it?"

"Yes, Miss Blimmons, in the handkerchief-box department, says it's just grand."

"Ha! All right, I'll take it." He felt his happiness rising as he went through the store. The joy shone in his face as he stood at the skate counter.

"I have a brother who is forty-six years old and rather fat," he said to the salesman. "I don't suppose he's been on the ice in twenty-five years. He wears a No. 9 shoe. Give me a pair of skates for him."

A few minutes later he stood at the silk counter.

"What are those things?" he asked, pointing to some gayly colored silks folded in boxes.

"Those are scarfs."

"Well, if you've got one that has all the colors of the rainbow in it, I'll take it. I want one with lots of yellow and red and green in it. I want something that you can hear across the street. You see, I have a sister who prides herself on her quiet taste. Her costumes are marked by what you call 'immoderate elegance.' I think she'd rather die than wear one of those things, so I want the biggest and loudest one in the whole lot."

The girl didn't know what to make of Mr. Payson's strange remarks, but she was too busy to be kept wondering.

Mr. Payson's sister's husband is the president of a church temperance society, so Mr. Payson bought him a scotchman's corker.

There was one more present to buy. "Let me see," said Mr. Payson. "What is there that could be of no earthly use to a girl of six years old?"

He spoke his eye fell on a sign. "Bargain sale of neckwear."

"I guess she would care for cravats," he said. "I guess I'll buy some of them."

He was a sort of cravat marked "25 percent off."

"How much does it cost?" he asked. "Well, to tell the truth, they're out of stock."

"That's good. I want eight of them—no, one dozen will do. I want them in the most delicate shade of pink—a little girl's shade, you know."

He was selecting the least surprising of the scotchman's corkers.

Little Billie had the satisfaction of seeing as fast to Santa Claus at a good, handsome dinner, which Santa Claus must have enjoyed very much. After dinner Henry came with the automobile, and, holding everybody good night, Santa Claus and Little Billie's papa went out of the house together.

Christmas morning dawned, and Little Billie awoke from a most comfortable dream of his gifts, and of extraordinary adventures with his wonderful friend, to find the reality quite as splendid as the dream.

As for Santa Claus, Little Billie has not seen him again. He lives in the father's back house in a new neighborhood, named John, who has a wife and three children, and who is a very good man.

Santa Claus, who has a wife and three children, and who is a very good man.

He has a wife and three children, and who is a very good man.

He has a wife and three children, and who is a very good man.

He has a wife and three children, and who is a very good man.

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comes of being president of a literary club. But you are the only one, Sidney, who had the rare and kindly judgment to appeal to the woman and not to the club president. Because I am interested in a serious literary movement it need not follow that I want my whole life to be overshadowed by the giants of the kingdom of letters. Although I would not dare confess it to Mrs. Peabody or Mrs. Hutchens, there are times when I like to spend an afternoon with an old-fashioned love story. You are a bachelor, Sidney, and as for me, I have long since ceased to blush at the casual mention of "old maid." It was not for us to know the bitter-sweet experiences of courtship and marriage, and you will remember that we have sometimes pitted the headlong infatuation of sweethearts, and have felt rather superior in our freedom. And yet, Sidney, if we chose to be perfectly candid with each other, I dare say that both of us would con-



It Would Be Useless to Dwell Upon the Reflections of Mr. Sidney Payson.

less to having known something about that which men call love. We might confess that we had felt its subtle influence, at times and places, and with a stirring consciousness, as one detects a draft. We might go so far as to admit that sometimes we pause in our lonely lives and wonder what might have been, and whether it would have been better after all. I am afraid that I am writing this like a sentimental school-boy, but you must be a little more than that. It is only as a message from you, is it not?—a confession, Sidney? You made me very happy, your brother. I feel more closely drawn to you than at any time since we were all together at Christmas, in the old home. Come and see me. Your loving sister, KATHERINE."

"Dear Brother:—Greetings to you from the biggest household in town, thanks to a generous Santa Claus in the guise of Little Billie. I must begin by thanking you on my own account. How in the world did you learn that Roman colts had come in again? I have always heard that men did not follow the styles and could not be trusted to select anything but a wim- am, but it is a little, a home then, for the scarf which you sent is quite the most beautiful thing I have received this Christmas. I have it draped over the large picture in the parlor, and it is the envy of every one who has been in today. A thousand, thousand thanks, dear Sidney. It was perfectly sweet of you to remember me, and I call it nothing less than a stroke of genius to think of anything so appropriate and yet so much out of the ordinary."

"John asks me to thank you—but I must tell you the story. One evening last week we had a little Christmas-party after prayer meeting, and I asked John to open a bundle of gloves of his knife trying to get the cork out. He said: 'If I live to get driven again, I'm going to buy a cork-screw.' Fortunately he had neglected to buy one, and so your gift seemed to come straight from Providence. John is very much pleased. Already he has found a use for it, as it happened just how he wanted to open a bottle of household ammonia the very first thing this morning."

As for Fred's lovely books—thank goodness you didn't send him any more story books. John and I have been trying to induce him to take up a more serious line of reading. The Josephus ought to help him in the study of his Sunday school lessons. We were pleased to observe that he read it for about an hour this morn-

"When you were out here last fall did Genevieve tell you that she was collecting silk for a doll quilt? She insists that she did not, but she must have done so, for how could you have guessed that she wanted pieces of silk about anything else in the world? Fred and Genevieve send love and kisses. John insists that you come out to dinner Sunday very soon—next Sunday if you can. After we received your presents we were quite ashamed of the way we had sent over to your house, but we will try to make up the balance in heart-felt gratitude. Don't forget any Sunday. Your loving sister, KATHERINE."

It would be useless to dwell upon the reflections of Mr. Sidney Payson after he received these letters.



# MERRY CHRISTMAS

To Everybody

## TED LENORE

Antioch Furniture and  
Music Store

### Christmas Buying at Battershall's Grayslake Department Store

We are able to offer a very choice selection of gift merchandise in fact better than ever before and at prices ridiculously low. Our stock is replete of toys, games, sleds, rockers, chairs, dolls in character and otherwise in fact every make up of the up-to-date doll assortment, mechanical toys, steam engines, tree ornaments, decorated china, jewelry, silverware sterling silver, men's neckwear and suspenders in Christmas gift boxes 25c up. Ladies neckwear, corsage bows in neat boxes 25c up. Beautiful central draft decorated parlor lamps. A fine selection of linens and embroidered spreads. Below we quote a few special prices selected from a few departments of our store:

We wish to call special attention to our handkerchief stock which was purchased at a very opportune time at about 50 cents on the dollar and we are selling them accordingly.

#### DRY GOODS

Standard prints including light grounds	
Greys, Indigo Blues, and Black and white yd	.45
6 spools Coats thread	.25
2 packages Safety Pins	.05
Dollar Quality 36 inch black silk messaline	.65
85 cent 36 in. black silk messaline yard	.70
12 1/2 cent French dress gingham, yard	.10
9-4 Bleached sheeting	.23
Yard wide Lonsdale bleached sheeting, yd.	.08
Ladies silk hose, 2 pair in box, pair	.50

#### BOOKS

Henty books, for boys, cloth bound	.20
Alger's books, for boys, cloth bound	.20
Motor books, for boys, cloth bound	.25
Five Little Peppers, and how they Grew	.30
Helen's Babies	.25
Popular Copyrights, about 200 titles	.50
Wizard of Oz	.60

#### GROCERIES

20 lbs. Granulated Sugar	1.00
10 bars Lenox soap	.25
3 lbs Bulk starch	.10
3 lbs Pulverized sugar	.25
Richieu Seed raisins, pound	.09
Fancy cleaned currants, pound	.30
Baker's Premium chocolate, pound	.10
3 packages yeast foam	.25
Gallon can pie apples	.25
3 large cans tomatoes	.25

4 cans Standard corn	.25
No. 2, cans Armour's pork and beans	.10
Full cream cheese, pound	.18
Large size Kellogg's corn flakes pkg	.10
3 pkgs pancake flour	.25
4 pkgs Veribest mince meat	.25
Shredded coconut, pound	.15
Kerosene, 5 gallon lots	.35
4 no. 2, lamp chimneys	.25
4 Cold Blast lantern globes	.25
Large Cold Blast lanterns	.59
5 lbs Arbuckles Ariosa Coffee	1.00
49 lb. sack best flour	1.60
4 lb.s good roast coffee	.50
4 tins Frazier axel grease	.25
Armour's Glendale butterine	.21
Armour's Buttercup butterine	.18
24 1/2 lb. sacks rye flour	.65
2 pkgs Cream of Wheat	.25

#### CANDIES, NUTS, & ETC.

Broken mixed candy, lb.	.08
Mixed nuts, new crop, lb.	.10
Caramels, lb.	.08
Peanut brittle	.10
Chocolate dipped caramels, lb.	.16
Fancy chocolate creams, lb.	.16
Brazil nuts (nigger toes) lb.	.12
Filberts	.15
4 quarts cranberries	.25
Oranges, per dozen	.12

## BATTERSHALL'S

Department Store.

Grayslake, Ill.

### CONRAD BROTHERS

The Antioch Electricians

Is the place to go for Christmas presents in the electrical line. We have toasters, stoves, curling irons heaters, flatirons, safety lanterns, and all kinds of electric appliances for sale. Contracting and electrical supplies. Estimates gladly furnished on all kinds of wiring on application. Don't forget the place, one door east of Kelly's Garage, Antioch. Repairing of all kinds done at reasonable prices. Come and see us about electric fixtures, we can furnish any kind and save you some money.

Merry Christmas and Happy and prosperous New Year to all.

### CONRAD BROS.,

Antioch Electricians

## To the People of Antioch

The past year having been one of great activity for us, I wish to thank you all for the generous support which has made it so, and also for the good will shown. Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year.

### C. W. HILL,

Manager of Goodrich Lumber Co.



# LITTLE 'RASTUS ON SANTA CLAUS

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

Mah mammy say dat Sandy Claus come  
Ter good li'l boys,  
En bring er ho'n en er big red drum,  
En yuther toys.  
But why white chilluns gets dem new  
I caln' on stan'.  
I guess I knows whut Sandy Claus do—  
He sec'n han' man!



Las' yeah he clomb down ouah stovepipe  
Wenst I's er sleep,  
En fotch some oynkes—bout half ripe—  
En thee toy sheep.  
En one dese jomp, jacks—broken, dough—  
But den, my lan'!  
'Bout dishyere Sandy Claus—I des know  
He sec'n han' man!



I as' my mammy ef Sandy Claus ain'  
Done know des how  
Ter men' dem toys, en' fix dey paint,  
En she say: "Now,  
Don' worry, chile, 'bout de white folks,  
'cause  
Hit's de good Lawd's plan."  
So I guess dat mah Mistah Sandy Claus—  
He sec'n han' man!



## REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE DAY

Puritans of England Made Christmas  
Illegal and Declared It a Mis-  
deamnor to Be Gay.

English Puritans of the seventeenth  
century guarded against looking upon  
the rosy side of life.

Because Christmas is really a sur-  
vival of the Celts' Yule, and is not  
the actual anniversary of the birth of  
Christ, they refused to countenance  
Christmas festivities. Not only did  
they refuse to recognize the day, but  
they made laws to that effect.

The parliament of 1644 passed an  
act ordering all law abiding citizens  
to observe December 25 as a solemn  
fast, to be spent in silent atonement  
for previous Christmas days that had  
passed in riotous living and merry-  
making.

Naturally the community did not  
share in these hard and fast rules,  
and many a turkey was surreptitious-  
ly killed, and many a plum pudding  
quietly boiled. But woe betide the  
unfortunate offender against the act  
were he luckless enough to be dis-  
covered.

Soldiers were sent to search the  
houses of those suspected of harbor-  
ing such delicacies as mince pies,  
etc., and many were the pitched bat-  
tles between disagreeing sections of  
the public.



## UNDER THE MISTLETOE

To ask a girl if you may kiss her  
before doing it is an insulting way  
of laying all the responsibility on  
her.

In a man's opinion a kiss is an end  
that justifies any means.

You needn't be afraid of a mere  
kiss. Thousands are exchanged daily  
by people of the highest reputation.

The kissed girl fears no mistletoe.

A kiss is as good as a smile—and  
a good deal better, too!

The ideal kiss is the kiss that is  
never given.

A kiss too soon may be a full stop  
in the tale of love.



The child who doubts about Santa  
Claus has insomnia. The child who  
believes has a good night's rest.

## A CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY

How Grandmother's Heart Was Glad-  
dened by Remembrances From  
the Children.

"Grandmother Jessup!"

Stella's tone was distinctly ac-  
cusing; it was evident that grand-  
mother had something to answer for.  
Grandmother, from her invalid chair,  
looked across at the girl who stood  
at her bureau drawer. She had en-  
dured years of pain and weakness;  
but they had not succeeded in quench-  
ing the spirit in the frail figure; her  
voice was as saucy as a girl's.

"Not guilty—what is it?"

"It's your handkerchiefs. How  
many dozen have you?"

"Seven or eight. You see, I have  
seven of the dearest grandchildren in  
the world. It's queer, isn't it, that  
your nose should be so especially  
honored when you grow old?"

But Stella's gray eyes forgot to  
laugh back at grandmother's. Some-  
thing had disconcerted her. She put  
the handkerchiefs back, made some  
trivial excuse, and ran up to her own  
room, where her sister and cousins  
were holding a Christmas convale.

"I wonder," she burst out, "that  
grandmother can endure Christmas at  
all!"

"What under the sun do you  
mean?" Corinne and Isabella ex-  
claimed together.

"Corinne, what did you give grand-  
mother for Christmas last year?"

"A box of handkerchiefs. Why?"

"And you, Isabella?"

"An embroidered handkerchief with  
little weeny initials."

"Mollie?"

"Two handkerchiefs. Mollie con-  
fessed. 'There didn't seem to be  
anything else—except slumber slip-  
pers, and Aunt Maria always knits  
those.'"

"And Laurie and I gave her hand-  
kerchiefs. We always give her hand-  
kerchiefs—because she's old, and  
they're the easiest thing to think of!"

Girls—she isn't old—she's as young as  
any of us down in her heart, and she  
loves pretty things just as much as  
ever. This year let's give her the  
biggest surprise of her life—a Christ-  
mas that will make her really happy."

"But how—what—" Corinne stam-  
mered.

"What do we like best—each of  
us?"

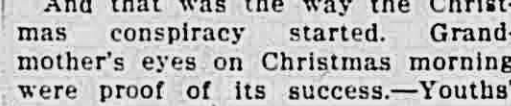
"Jewels!" "Books!" "Hand embro-  
idery!" "Candy!" "Silk stockings!"  
The answers came in a laughing shower.

"Well, then, why not? Grandma'd  
love a bit of jewelry from us—chosen  
just for her. And books—not  
'Thoughts of Cheer,' as if she were  
melancholy, but love stories that end  
well. And why not embroider her  
something? And if not silk stockings,  
then a pair of slippers with tiny vel-  
vet bows. As for candy, she'd love to  
have it to pass round, even if she  
couldn't eat much herself."

"And let Bob and Archie send her  
their absurd jokes as they do to the  
rest of us? It doesn't seem—respect-  
ful."

"But grandma doesn't want to be  
seemed-respectful-to," Stella declared.  
'She'd just love to be counted in with  
the rest of us, little vanities and jokes  
and all. O girls, try it once and see!'"

And that was the way the Christ-  
mas conspiracy started. Grand-  
mother's eyes on Christmas morning  
were proof of its success.—Youths'  
Companion.



## SAID LITTLE SOCRATES.

"Some generous person," said little  
Socrates Bulgibrow, of Boston, "has  
been kind enough to send me a copy  
of Mother Goose's lyrics for Christ-  
mas. Do you know, the theory that  
a representative of the bovine genus  
at one time leaped over the chief  
luminary of the night leads to some  
interesting calculations as to the mus-  
cular development of the cows of that  
time. I have ascertained that they  
must have been endowed with  
strength proportionate to that of the  
sea of the present day."



"What do you know about this af-  
fair?" said the policeman respectfully,  
as he recognized Mr. Smith.

But Mr. Smith was standing as one  
dazed. He had caught sight of Mr.  
Snively with the book under his arm.

"Hello, Smith," said Mr. Snively.  
"I just now caught this boy, and  
found him carrying a package ad-  
dressed to me, so took charge of it.  
Do you know anything about it?"

"Why—why—yes," stammered  
Mr. Smith, trying to collect his wits.  
"You see, I sent the package."

"Well, why were you chasing the  
boy?" asked the policeman, a little im-  
patiently.

The perspiration stood out on poor  
Mr. Smith's forehead.

"I—I was afraid I hadn't given the  
boy the right address, and was trying  
to stop him to find out," he blurted  
in desperation.

The policeman looked at Mr. Smith  
curiously. He was convinced that he  
was lying, though with what object he  
could not imagine.

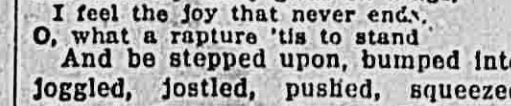
"The package has come to the right  
fellow anyway," said Snively, laugh-  
ing. "I'm going right home, so I'll  
take it along with me."

"Oh, I couldn't think of allowing  
you to do that, old man!" cried Mr.  
Smith. "Just give it back to the boy;



## THE JOY OF SHOPPING.

By Wilbur D. Nesbit.  
I love to go and shop for things  
To send as Christmas gifts to friends,  
For then my fancy girls on wings,  
I feel the joy that never ends.  
O, what a rapture 'tis to stand  
And be stepped upon, bumped into,  
Joggled, jostled, pushed, squeezed,  
shoved, frowned at, scowled upon,  
trampled, bruised, slammed, rushed,  
hurried, jolted, and finally get up to  
the counter and discover that you are  
at the wrong one!



The child who doubts about Santa  
Claus has insomnia. The child who  
believes has a good night's rest.

# A Vagrant Christmas Gift

By ALBERT EDWARD CONVERSE

(Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.)

MR. and Mrs. Jackson Smith  
understood each other  
perfectly on the Christ-  
mas present proposition.

This satisfactory state of  
affairs did not come about  
the first year of their  
wedded life, nor even the  
second. The third Christ-  
mas was almost at hand before Mr.  
Smith discovered accidentally, but to  
his intense joy, that Mrs. Smith re-  
lished his selection of furs, gloves, cur-  
tains, rugs, and so on, no more than  
did her choice of smoking-jackets,  
cravats, mufflers, et cetera.

That their friends could not be  
taken in on the combination was,  
however, a thorn in the flesh of each  
of them.

"The worst has happened," said  
Mrs. Smith, interrupting Mr. Smith's  
perusal of the paper Christmas morn-  
ing.

"A messenger just brought a pre-  
sent from the Snivelys, and I forgot to  
put them on my list. It's a book and  
we've got to send them something."

"Well, what are we going to do  
about the Snivelys?" growled Mr.  
Smith.

"Jack," said she in a moment, "I've  
had an inspiration. Why couldn't we  
send the Snivelys the book that Cous-  
in Lucy sent you? Neither of them  
will ever know it."

"By George! We'll do it," said Mr.  
Smith, after considering the propo-  
sition. "Where is Cousin Lucy's  
book?"

"It's on the desk," said Mrs. Smith.  
"Just put our cards in the book and  
wrap it up neatly. I'll call a messen-  
ger boy."

Half an hour later Mr. Smith hand-  
ed a package, addressed to Mr. Snive-  
ly, to a messenger boy and saw him  
depart with it. He was luxuriously  
stretched out on a davenport when  
Mrs. Smith came into the room a few  
minutes later.

"Jack," said Mrs. Smith, holding a  
book in her hand, "I thought you  
were going to wrap this book up."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr.  
Smith, jumping to his feet. "I did  
wrap up some book. The messenger  
has already been here and I gave it  
to him."

"How long has the boy been gone?"  
demanded Mrs. Smith.

"About ten minutes."

"Get your things on. Be quick, and  
maybe you can reach the Snivelys  
before the boy and get that dreadful  
book away from him! How could you  
have been so careless?"

Mrs. Smith was almost frantic.

Down to the nearest street car tore  
Mr. Smith, fairly consumed with rage.

He had arrived at the down town  
district when, with a thrill of joy, he  
spied the messenger boy. Without  
waiting for the car to stop, Mr.  
Smith jumped off and started on a run  
for the boy.

At the same moment the messenger  
boy saw him, and, without knowing  
why he was being pursued, he obeyed  
his first impulse and ran too.

In a moment a dozen had joined  
in the chase. Down the street came  
the poor messenger boy, frantically  
straining every muscle to get away  
from the mob pursuing him. Sudden-  
ly two men from a cross street  
ran in front of the boy. One threw  
his arms around the fugitive, hold-  
ing his fast; the other man seized the  
package the boy was carrying.

"Why, Snively! This package is ad-  
dressed to you!" he exclaimed.

"Why, so it!" said the man who  
had caught the boy.

In a moment they were surrounded  
by a crowd. A policeman rushed up  
and took charge of the boy.

"Hold on there, officer, the boy's  
all right!" cried Mr. Smith, who had  
arrived upon the scene by this time.

"What do you know about this af-  
fair?" said the policeman respectfully,  
as he recognized Mr. Smith.

But Mr. Smith was standing as one  
dazed. He had caught sight of Mr.  
Snively with the book under his arm.

"Hello, Smith," said Mr. Snively.  
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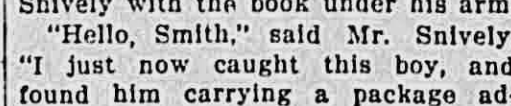
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boy the right address, and was trying  
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in desperation.

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curiously. He was convinced that he  
was lying, though with what object he  
could not imagine.

"The package has come to the right  
fellow anyway," said Snively, laugh-  
ing. "I'm going right home, so I'll  
take it along with me."

"Oh, I couldn't think of allowing  
you to do that, old man!" cried Mr.  
Smith. "Just give it back to the boy;



he'll take it to the house for you."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Snively. "It's  
a light package and I don't mind  
carrying it a particle."

Mr. Smith ground his teeth with  
rage. How was he to get that book  
away from Snively?

"Snively," said he, my office is only  
a few doors down the street. Come  
up and smoke a cigar with me. I've  
got some good ones."

A few minutes later Mr. Smith ush-  
ered Mr. Snively into his office.

"Sit down here, Snively," said he,  
offering his guest a chair. "Let me  
have your package; I'll put it over  
here on my desk."

He took the book eagerly and put it  
on his desk; out of sight. As he  
smoked and talked, he racked his  
brain for a scheme to get Snively out  
of the room without his book.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Merry  
Christmas."

It was Smith's partner, Perkins,  
who thus addressed them as he came  
out of his private office.

Suddenly a brilliant scheme took  
shape in his mind. He proceeded im-  
mediately to put it into execution.

"By the way, Perkins, I have a  
Christmas present for you." As he  
spoke, he picked up Snively's package  
and, holding it so that Snively could  
not see it, walked over the Perkins  
and handed it to him.

"But—but—" Perkins protested.

"Take it and keep your mouth shut,  
or I'll choke you!" whispered Smith  
fiercely.

"Oh, thank you very much," said  
the astonished Perkins. "Well, I must  
be getting home. Good morning."

After talking a few moments longer,  
Snively rose to go.

"Can I trouble you for my package,  
now?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Smith, going to his  
desk and searching first calmly and  
then with apparent annoyance.

"By George! It isn't here," he an-  
nounced in a surprised tone.

Suddenly he sat down and began  
laughing uproariously.

"Do you know what I've done?" he  
said as soon as he had his mirth some-  
what under control. "I gave Perkins  
your package. I forgot that I took his  
present home last night, and my wife  
sent it over this morning with a pre-  
sent for Mrs. Perkins."

"Oh, that's all right," said Snively,  
laughing. "It doesn't make a particle  
of difference."

They parted, laughing good-natured-  
ly over the blunder.

Smith arrived home soon after, con-  
gratulating himself on his generalship.

"Oh, Jack," cried Mrs. Smith, as  
soon as he stepped into the house, "I  
hope you haven't had any trouble!"

"Well, I've had just about the most  
strenuous time I've experienced in  
many moons," said Smith. "I came  
out all right though."

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Smith.  
"Now I hope you won't be angry, Jack,  
but you hadn't been gone but a few  
moments when I discovered that you  
hadn't sent Mrs. Snively's book, after  
all. I found her book lying on the  
floor by the center-table, where, in  
some way, it had been knocked off.  
The only book that is missing is the  
one that Mr. and Mrs. Perkins sent  
us, so that must have been the one  
that you sent to the Snivelys."

Mr. Smith collapsed into the near-  
est chair.

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling," went the tele-  
phone.

Mr. Smith, still in a dazed condi-  
tion, rose and answered it.

"Hello, is that you, Smith?" said a  
voice. "This is Perkins."

Smith braced himself for the worst.  
"I didn't quite understand about that  
present you gave me down at the  
office. When I got home I found  
that it had Snively's name on it."

"Oh."

"I thought there must be some mis-  
take about it, so I didn't open it."

"You say you didn't open it?"

"No."

"Thank Heaven!"

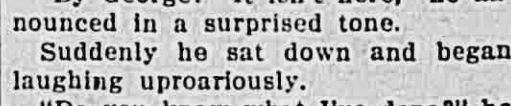
"What do you say?"

"I said that you did right. It was  
just a little joke on Snively."

"Is that so? Well, I'll bring the  
package down to the office with me  
in the morning."

"Thank you. Good-by."

"Thank heaven," said Smith as he  
hung up the receiver and once more  
settled himself in comfort, "Christ-  
mas comes but once a year!"



Searching First Calmly and Then With  
Apparent Annoyance.

desk and searching first calmly and  
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"I said that you did right. It was  
just a little joke on Snively."

"Is that so? Well, I'll bring the  
package down to the office with me  
in the morning."

# Santa Claus Says:

Q A face wreathed in smiles is  
better than a mansion wreathed  
in holly.

Q Better broken toys than broken  
hearts.

Q Never look a gift object in the  
price tag.

Q Santa Claus by any other name  
would cost as much—and be  
worth it.

Q Do not be satisfied with wishing  
people a "Merry Christmas;" help  
make it one.

Q Lots of men put on long white  
whiskers and think they look like  
me when they look more like a  
goat—and perhaps they are.

Q If Willie wants to see what is  
inside the drum for goodness  
sake let him.

Q You are living in God's own  
country. What more do you want  
for Christmas.

Q It is a wise Santa who keeps his  
whiskers away from the candles.

Q Keep up the "Good will to man"  
part of it right through until next  
Christmas.



# Beautiful Christmas Gifts For All . . .



I offer you the most desirable line to choose your presents from. My carefully selected display of Holiday attractions will impress you with its worth, beauty and reasonable prices. A special feature of my stock is the opportunity for selection. In all grades I am showing the newest and best of the season. For gifts that are decidedly popular and pleasing see my line of

**WATCHES - CLOCKS - JEWELRY - SILVERWARE - CHINA - CUT GLASS - NOVELTIES, ETC.**

All the standard and gentlemen's



brass. 1 and 8 day clock.

makes in ladies, watches, Elgin, Hamilton, Waltham, South Bend, Ingersoll, Trenton. Ask to see the 12 size thin model watches in gold filled and leather bracelets, all the latest fancy models in ladies' watches, gold silver and

## Rings

A large line of ladies' single stone rings. Signet and set rings for gentlemen. A full line of baby rings and birth stone rings.

## Diamonds

Just received a fine line of diamond rings. La Valliers, earrings and scarf pins.

Everything in the line of Jewelry including watch-chains, bracelets, la Valliers, lockets and charms, bar-pins, cuff buttons, rosaries, neck chains, tie-holders, stick pins, collar and cuff button sets, crosses, brooches, lapel chains, Waldemar chains, gold handled pen knives, earrings, collar pins, fobs, hat pins, etc., etc., in gold and gold filled. A full line of writing paper in fancy and Christmas boxes. An electric portable lamp makes a useful Christmas present. See my line. Several different styles. See my selection of leather hand bags, party cases and music rolls.

Traveling sets consisting of writing sets, manicure sets, drinking cups etc.

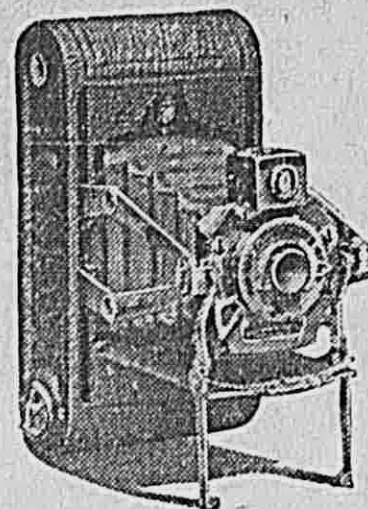
CUT GLASS--A complete assortment of cut glass bowls, cream and sugars, vases, celery dishes, pickle dishes, spoon trays, plates, hair receivers and puff-boxes, bon-bon dishes, vinegar and oil bottles, fern dishes, comports, water sets etc., etc.

A full line of hand painted china. 100 piece dinner sets at bargain prices.

SILVER WARE--My holiday stock of silverware must be seen to be appreciated. I have a full line of cake-baskets, fruit baskets, bread-plates, tea-sets, condiment sets, knives, forks, spoons, ladles, napkin rings, etc. See my line of sterling silver novelties such as book marks, tea balls, manicure articles, cigar cutters, vanity cases, watch boxes and picture frames.

TOILET SETS--in Sterling silver, quadruple plate and French ivory.

SMOKING SETS--in china, brass, nickel and hand decorated. A large assortment of manicure sets, shaving sets and writing sets in silver plate, sterling and French ivory.



Eastman  
Kodaks and  
Supplies  
Nothing  
Nicer Than  
a  
Kodak  
For  
Christmas

**Waterman's  
Ideal  
Fountain Pen**



For Christmas

Fountain pens from

**\$1 to \$5**

I have a large stock of Christmas New Year book-lets and cards. Xmas seals and tags. I can supply all your needs in this line. Do not fail to secure one of my beautiful art calendars for 1915.

The largest assortment of pipes, cigar and cigarette holders in town. Briar, meerschaum and bakelite pipes at bargain prices.



Victor Victrolas

from \$15 to \$150

All the latest records on hand

See my show  
windows for  
Christmas  
Suggestions

**WM. KEULMAN**

**Jeweler and Optician.**

All sizes of  
holly boxes  
5c, 10c. and  
15c.

**Antioch, Ill.**

# HOLIDAY CHEER

**Merry Christmas.**

**Happy New Year**

I wish all my patrons a Merry Christmas and Happy and prosperous New Year. I also wish to thank one and all for the liberal patronage accorded me during the year and a continuance of same will be appreciated.

Below will be found a few special prices which you are invited to inspect, if you wish anything in this line:

## RANGES

	Former	Now
Monarch,	\$60	\$52
Columbia Jasper	50	43
Special Toledo,	38	32
Capital Toledo,	42	36
Radiant Home,	52	45
Ranger Cook,	12	9

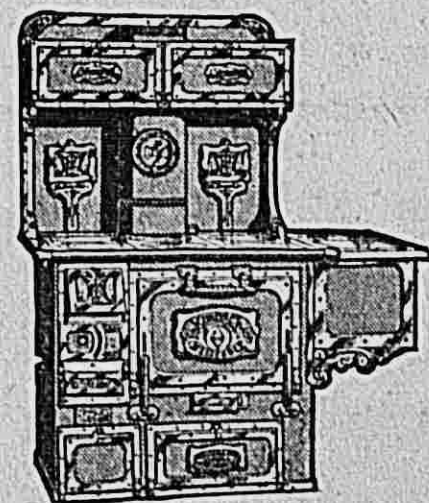
## HEATERS

	Former	Now
Columbia Art,	\$45	\$40.00
Boss Hot Blast,	25	20.50
" " "	19	15.50
" " "	16	12.50
Victor Oak,	20	16.00
Star Gem,	11	8.50

These Stoves are guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded

**FRANK J. HUNT,**

**ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS**





# ST-NICK'S GALOSHES

JANE OSBORN

ON Christmas eve, Ted Beverly received this letter from Amy Saunders—the one girl in the world, as far as Ted was concerned: "Dear Ted: If you can manage to come on to New York for Christmas and have the courage to break the news to brother Bob, all right. I haven't even been able to explain that we are engaged, much less that we were about to be married, but as long as Meg and Bob really like you they can't object. Come in the morning if you can manage, and stop on your way from the station and ask old Doctor Good to drop in for the great event in the afternoon—that will be better than going to his house. I tried to explain to Meg, but you know how excitable she is, and with Christmas coming, and the children's presents, and getting a fake Santa Claus for them, she just hasn't time to listen, and brother Bob is such a tense I haven't the nerve to tell him."

"Great hat!" gasped Ted, jumping up from the dining table, where he had been reading his last letter from Amy over his solitary meal. Hastily paying the waiter, he darted with all speed through the hotel corridor, up to his room. He had written to Amy asking if she couldn't manage to be married during the holidays, but he hadn't supposed she would consent. Now there was no time to be lost, for New York was fourteen hours away.

Ted rang for a messenger boy, telephoned to the office, and when the messenger boy arrived was throwing his necessary belongings into a suitcase.

"Say, boy," he said to the liveried messenger, "I want you to go out and buy a wedding ring. Tomorrow being Christmas the stores will be closed and I can't get it then. All the stores are open tonight. And bring it to the W. & P. railroad station on the eastbound platform. Here's a dollar for you if you get it there by the eight-thirty—and be sure and buy the best one the jeweler has."

"What size, sir?" asked the boy, grinning.

"That's so—they come in different sizes," responded Ted, excitedly wadding a handful of cravats into his suitcase. "Oh, medium size, any size, only hurry. And if you have time, get some jumping monkeys, and toy balloons, and tin kitchens and things—anything kids will like," he said, handing the boy two ten-dollar bills.

The next morning, after a night in a sleeping car, Ted Beverly was still breathless as he hurried—laden with half-wrapped tin kitchens and various other toys and a suitcase—from his taxi up the unpretentious brownstone front of the home of his friend Bob Saunders. Bob was Amy's brother and Amy lived with him and Bob's wife, Meg, and little Bobbie and Peggy.

Mrs. Saunders—Meg—met him at the door.

"How do you do?" she said in the most matter-of-fact tone, just as if she had seen him the day before. "Do come in out of the cold. Bob will be so glad you've come. If those perfectly lovely things are for my children do let me hide them behind the piano. Oh, by the way," she added whispering, "you have just come in time. I was almost distracted. You always were so obliging. Bob often says that there wasn't a man in college who would help a friend out of a tight place the way you would. I expected the butcher boy would do it, but he's gone to one of those awful barbecues—whatever that is—and I had offered him \$2 to do it. Now listen—Oh, here comes Amy and the children, and I told her to be sure to keep them out for two hours. I wonder why she came back so soon. Come, hurry upstairs before they see you, and bring your suitcase, please." Ted, although he didn't know whether he was intended to get the butcher boy away from a barbecue or simply to conceal his presence from the children, followed his hostess up to a third story guest room.

"Now, I will tell you," said Meg, closing the door and locking it behind her. "See, I brought your hat and gloves because I knew the children would suspect something if they saw them. I was expecting the butcher's boy—he's just about your build—to play Santa for the children. What you have to do is to dress up in these things—this red suit. It's very thin. I made it myself out of red cotton flannel so I think you can slip it on right over your coat, don't you? And this false face and this nice white beard and these galoshes. They may be hard to walk in, but they look more like Santa than regular shoes. Anyhow, I think they are just nice for Santa Claus."

"Is Amy well?" asked Ted rather pointedly.

Meg simply nodded her head in the direction of the door. She was still thinking at the funny how

things come in handy, even when you don't want them at the time, isn't it? I often say—but, if you'll excuse me I'll just leave you. I've a thousand things to do and Amy said something about going away this afternoon and having to pack so she won't be able to help me at all. There are some books if you want to read. Bob won't be back till twelve. I told him he would be much more help if he wasn't in the way so he has gone off to the club to smoke. We will have the Santa appearance just before dinner. You can say that you came in the skylight because there wasn't room for your pack in the chimney and that you walked downstairs. Then you can go back and take off your disguise and go out the front door and ring the bell. The children will think you have just come. You were awfully good to offer to do this for me." Meg was unlocking the door and leaving. "You may as well smoke if you want to," she said. "I am going to have those curtains cleaned next week anyway so it doesn't matter if they do smell smoky—"

"You might tell Amy that I am here," said Ted.

"Oh, she doesn't mind the smoke," replied Meg. "Besides, she almost never comes into this room."

Ted felt himself defeated. For an hour and a half he remained in his solitary confinement and then Meg came again to see that he was properly dressed and to give him the cue for his descent.

"Wait till I get all the way down and then start," she told him.

"Does Amy know I am here?" Ted asked with unconcealed concern.

"Hasn't the remotest suspicion of it," answered Meg. "I think she must be expecting someone for she has telephoned twice to the station to know whether the trains from the West were late. Yours wasn't late, was it? But I haven't said anything about your being here."

"It's hard to navigate in these old boats," said Tom from under his beard.

Peg was hanging a hugh potato bag full of toys on Ted's back. "I put the presents you brought to Bobby and Peggy in with the rest," she said. "They are really lovely. Now remember you follow as soon as I get down stairs. We will all be in the drawing room."

Ted got safely down the first flight of stairs with his heavy pack thumping on the stairs as he came. He was halfway down the last flight when he caught a glimpse of Amy's pretty forehead and golden hair. He



"I Put the Presents You Brought in With the Rest."

craned his head, eager to see more, the pack caught for a second against the banisters, he missed his footing in the awkward galoshes, and with a desperate effort to regain his balance he grasped frantically at the wallpaper. The next thing he knew he was sprawling in a confused jumble of toys and red cotton flannel and white hair and sacking at the foot of the stairs.

"Blame those galoshes!" was his first unceremonious remark as he pulled himself out of the confusion. And there stood Amy, Bob and Mrs. Meg and Bobby and Peggy—all more or less wide-eyed and incredulous.

"Santa fell downstairs; that's all. He isn't used to stairs, you know," said Meg with rare presence of mind anxious only to preserve her children's faith in the myth of Santa Claus. She hurriedly adjusted the false face that had flopped up in the fall.

"Poor old Santa," said little Peggy, softly patting his arm, and Bobby was eagerly examining the toys that had spilled from the pack.

"Great guns, it's Ted!" began Bob in an aside, but Meg clapped her hand over his mouth.

Meantime Amy was holding a whispered conversation with the confused Santa.

"Why, these are papa's galoshes," said Bobby.

"That's not Santa, at all, anyway," said little Peggy. "It's Mr. Ted Beverly what's going to be our uncle. He's come to marry our Aunt Amy, so there, and he's just dressed up like Santa so's to fool mamma and papa. Aunt Amy told us this morning he was a-going to marry her this afternoon. Wouldn't Santa laugh if he could see him?"

(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

# DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

by A.E. ZUCKER

"AY, believe me, the fellows were glad to see me back again," said George Porter to the family at the dinner table. "Professor Parr said I looked like a college man, and all the fellows said I had changed a great deal since September."

George had just arrived a few hours before for his first vacation back from college. He had, indeed, been very anxious to get home again among his old friends. The weary hours on the train he had whiled away by telling the other boys about all the dances he was going to attend with Dorothy Smyth, "some classy girl from Bryn Mawr."

In the course of the dinner Doctor Porter could not take down his son a little. The all-important fraternity man was roasted considerably for his overbearing manner. However, George took it all with the stoic dignity of the captain of the freshman football team. As a matter of fact, he had sunk considerably in his son's estimation.

After dinner George's older sister Mary asked him whether he was going to call up Dorothy for the Christmas dance at the Hadley's.

"Aw, pshaw, here a fellow works his head off at school," said George in his best bluff, "he comes home for a little rest, and then you expect him to dance. And half the girls at school have it on Dorothy anyhow."

"What are you going to give her for Christmas?" said Mary, hiding a smile, for she knew just how George felt about Dorothy.

"Gee, I never thought about that; and I've got ten cents to my name."

This last statement showed just how good a time he had with his fraternity brothers the last days before vacation.

"Make it C. O. D., George. Call on dad; he'll give all you'll need."

"Not on your life," came back George. "a college man must be able to shift for himself. Why, half the fellows work their way. I'll go out to earn the money myself tomorrow. Besides, I've been roasted enough."

True to his word George Porter was out early the next morning looking for remunerative toil. A window-card in a large cafeteria, "Help Wanted," arrested his attention. He strolled up to the fat proprietor, seated behind the cash register, and honored him by offering him a college man's services. "Any experience in the kitchen?" he was asked.

In spite of the fact that the total of George's kitchen experience consisted of a few evening's fudge-making at Dorothy's, he said boldly, "I sure have."

"Where?"

This confused him a little. "Aw—er—at a friend's last winter."

"So you've been at Friend's cafe? Well, I'll take you. A dollar and a half a day and meals. Just go to the kitchen and get a white coat."

George had bluffed and he was going to make good the bluff. He rushed around at a great speed sending the soiled dishes to the kitchen. Accidentally he picked up half a piece of lemon pie the owner of which had just gone to the ice water faucet to replenish her glass. "Wait a minute with my pie, if you please," said the old maid victim of George's zeal. "No, I won't take anything back out of the mess on your tray, either. You go and get me another at your expense."

The hero of many a football battle here showed a yellow streak. He bought the pie for the injured guest. Probably due to his anger over "the old hen" he next scattered the silver all over the floor. Without the least thought of sanitation he replaced it on the stand. Suddenly the boss told him to carry all the silver to the kitchen to have it washed. Here the angry Irish cook gave him a hot reception. "Why didn't you just take it to the kitchen and back. The guests would have thought it was clean, but now they kicked to the boss. Take a boy, he has no idea of cleanliness."

Christmas shoppers coming into the cafeteria reminded George of his gift. One dollar-fifty was not much, but he would not ask dad for more under any consideration. Finally he decided on something that has been the last resource of many a young man—a box of candy.

A whole day with soiled dishes, half-consumed food, and scolding was bad enough, but the worst came when two of George's pals came in during the afternoon. Like a maiden surprised at her dip at the spring, George went into hiding. The manager happened to see him ducking behind the counter, and asked him, "What all?"

"Pat, don't let them see me!" said George.

"Who? Are the police after ya?" said the manager and grabbed him by the collar.

This was too much for George. He bowed over the manager and rushed

into the kitchen. His friends laughed and thought their part.

The manager followed George. "Hm," he sneered. "Some of your friends from the swell side of the fence. Well, Archibald, you can hide your pretty face in the kitchen after this. Just go and work the dishwasher."

George never had been so mad in his life. He would have "busted the fathead's bean," but for Dorothy's sake he stayed. Besides he was no quitter, but worked like a hero at whatever work he had set out to do. No Satan in the inferno could have felt more anger at the sinners he was immersing in the fiery pools than George did toward the innocent dishes of which he immersed bucket after bucket in the patent dish-washer to the impatient shouts of the girls, "Shoot more dishes, Archibald!"

Finally at six o'clock, tired and sweating, George left the place. He felt just a bit doubtful about his chances; "What would she say?"

When George was about to leave Dorothy at the door of the Smyth mansion after the dance on Christmas night, she turned to him to say, "Of all my presents I liked your box of candy best. It was the sweetest thing. And Donald says he saw you working for it. You shouldn't go to so much trouble just for me, George."

"Trouble, Dorothy? Don't mention it." And with somewhat of an effort



"I Sure Have."

he added, "I had lots of fun; besides, I was working for you."

Dorothy's head sank a little lower.

"Dorothy," said George, softly, "couldn't I work for you all my life?" George placed his hands on Dorothy's fur cap and pressed back gently. Her head rose slowly and their lips met for one long second.

Then George fastened his fraternity pin on her gown, the emblem which the rules permitted to be given only to "fiances and wives."

(Copyright, Western Newspaper Union.)

## The Spell of Christmas.

Once more, we are under the spell of Christmas. We cannot be sour or irritable or pessimistic, do our utmost. We have been subjected to a shower bath of gladness; kind thoughts are circulating with fullness and vigor through all the avenues of the mind; we are elated, even jubilant, ready for laughter and tears, sympathetic toward the children in their glee, tender toward the poor and forlorn, strangely accessible to life's best memories, reverent toward religious faith, and almost willing to go to church. All this may seem to our pagan mind as foolish as a revival of religion, something inconsistent with proper economic austerity, a senseless revel of humanity at the expense of the moods, habits, and rules of solid business. Nevertheless, here we are, pounded into submission and sympathy, overcome for a few hours or days by the tides of an ideal existence.—George A. Gordon, in Atlantic Monthly.

## Would Spoil the Show.

"I is grieved to see disheveled feellin' ob selfishness croppin' out in ouh preparations for de Christmas celebration," said Parson Snowball. "Brud-der Bentley, who insists on bein' de Santa ob de 'casion, is er good man en er true one, but lan' sakes! he oughter know dat t'wain wif dem bow legs o' his'n, dey ain't a chile in dis chuch whut gwine b'love he ovah sild froo any chimbly wif sech er handicap. No, suh. Hit des gwine spile all de romance er de 'fair, an' I grieve ter see Brudder Bentley actin' de hawg, des 'case he got de on'y Santa Claus suit in de con'gation."

## What Interested Him.

Mr. Squiggs—I hear that Professor Wiseman, the prophet, has decided that the world will come to an end next Christmas day."

Tommy Squiggs—Before or after dinner, pa?

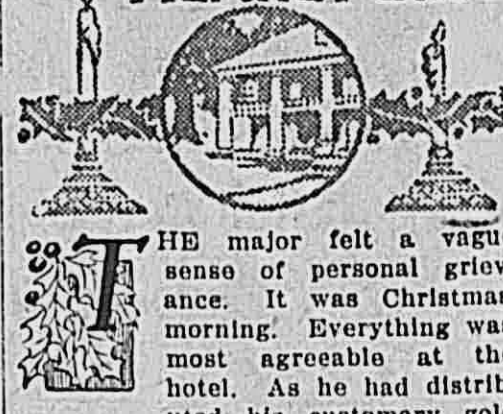
## Why He Changed.

Madge—I thought you and George were going skating.

Marjorie—So we were, but when he saw I had my hat trimmed with mistletoe he asked me to go for a sleigh ride.

# The Major's Christmas

By Martha Pattie



THE major felt a vague sense of personal grievance. It was Christmas morning. Everything was most agreeable at the hotel. As he had distributed his customary gold pieces to the "bells," the telephone girls, the check-room boys, his waiter and the head waiter, and the chambermaid on his floor; he felt oddly disturbed.

"Carter, my boy," he told the tall, gray-haired image in the mirror, "You're getting sentimental. You're thoroughly disappointed because there isn't a soul in the world who can call out a 'Merry Christmas' to you, and mean it from the bottom of his heart. You're like a boy with nothing in his stocking. I'm ashamed of you, sir; I am indeed."

Yet that didn't help matters. He wandered around the deserted hotel corridors in the morning feeling utterly lost. Nearly every one seemed to be going out to dinner to some place where he was urgently desired. Four times he strolled over to the desk and looked casually up at his box, but there were no mail and no presents for Maj. Robert Lee Carter.

The last time he had really decided to give up and ring up some business associate to take dinner with him at the hotel. But he saw a letter in his box, and the clerk handed him a curiously shaped parcel, rather bulky and oval. He took it up to his own rooms, and opened it with a funny little thrill of anticipation.

By George, he was wrong. There was somebody, he didn't know who it was, but there was somebody who had remembered him. The last wrapper fell off, and he stood staring down at a little homemade willow basket, filled with mistletoe. A card on top read, "Love and Merry Christmas from Pam."

Pam? He remembered no Pam. He opened the letter for enlightenment, and as he read, his heavy gray eyebrows drew closer together, and every now and then he ejaculated, "God bless my heart and soul!"

"You won't remember me at all, but I'm Pamela Grayson, and my mother was your sister's daughter, so I'm your grandniece, see? Mother died about a year ago, just after we came north, and I have been here alone ever since. I didn't even know you were alive until cousin Florrie, of Carter's Landing, down home, wrote and told me to share this mistletoe with you, for she had gathered it in the old oak grove where you used to go when you were a little boy. Here's wishing you a merry, merry Christmas, and I wish I knew you, because it does certainly get fearfully lonesome here in New York holiday time when you haven't any one of your very own."

The telephone bell rang sharply just as the major was about to say "God bless my heart and soul" once again. But he lifted the receiver, and smiled at the voice that answered his hail.

"Delighted, Ralph, delighted, my boy, but you see, I am going to have a young lady guest here to dinner with me, my grandniece, sir, from Virginia. Now, instead of my joining you in your bachelor apartments, supposing you join us, and try and compensate to her for having a surely old chap for a dinner partner. Name's Miss Pamela Grayson. Come right down."

Then he smiled and kept on smiling in the oddest, happiest way. And he leaned back in his deep leather chair, and lit a cigar, and watched the smoke rings form overhead, and smiled at them. He had four sisters. Pam's grandmother had been the youngest. And now somehow, they were all gone, as he thought, "the way of the roses," and he was alone. He had rather lost track of all the nieces and nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews. Sentiment does not thrive in the New York atmosphere, yet as he looked at the letter, he felt an odd glow of pride, and he held the little basket of mistletoe out at arm's length, smiling retrospectively. Many a time he had gone up to the old oak grove to gather it for his mother to decorate the great hall at Christmas. And now this little Pam—

The major rose suddenly with quick intention. Five minutes later he was on his way up to the address in the letter. Upstairs two flights he climbed, and tapped at the low top door with his modest card:—

"Pamela Grayson."

She stood at the easel with her back to him, a big blue apron on, and she was singing,

"Oh, holy town of Bethlehem,

How still we see thee lie,

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep

The silent stars go by."

The major stood at attention, but when she turned and caught sight of him, she gave a little cry of joy.

"Uncle Bob! How did you come so soon to me?"

Eh, but she was bonnie, though the major approvingly; very much like her grandmother in her girlhood, soft brown bands of hair around her small head, and wistful, childish gray eyes. It took him about ten minutes to coax her into a "real" dress, as she said, and down into the waiting taxi.

And how fast she talked. There were years to catch up, she told him, and as long as there was only the two of them left in New York to uphold the pride of the Carters—

"There's one more, child," warned the major. "But he is very distantly connected, very. He is about your nineteenth cousin, but he is to dine with us, Ralph Carter."

Pam sat very still, and did not speak, looking straight ahead of her. "Ever hear of him?" asked the major.

"I just love his shadow," said Pam solemnly. "If it's the same one, I've tried and tried to paint pictures that would sell, and finally I coaxed an old dealer on the avenue to let one of my Virginia gardens stand in his window awhile. You know Aunt Annabelle's rose garden with the sun dial, and the old white coach house in the back? Well, it was snapped up by a Mr. Ralph Carter. And he wanted to know if I had more Virginia scenes. So I sent down the oak grove at sundown along in November, with a big orange harvest moon stealing over the edge of the hill, and he bought that. And now I'm painting the old flagged walk under the grape arbor, with it all sunshiny, and Mammy Martha Ann coming along from the outdoor kitchen with a big covered platter of fried chicken, and he's going to take that."

The major leaned back his head, laughing and shaking with pure enjoyment. Up on the Hudson, at East-ings, stood Ralph Carter's bachelor home, and he had made it almost a replica of the old one in Virginia.



She Stood at the Easel With Her Back to Him.

Successful in every way in New York, he had clung to the old south traditions almost fiercely, this lean, clear-eyed lawyer.

"And so he's been hanging your pictures all over his walls," aimed the major. "God bless my heart and soul, child. This is certainly merry Christmas for us all!"

Pam was rather grave, but as they went through the spiral red and gold corridors of the hotel. The dinner was to be very private up in the major's study room and she wondered what this distant cousin would be like.

He was all she had wanted him to be. Even Pam could find no fault as she sat next to him at the round table. And oh, after years of hilly striving among strangers, how made her cheeks glow and her heart beat to hear these two, the splendid old major and Ralph, vie with each other in their delightful courtesy and compliments.

"You don't know how good it is to find some one of your very own," she said, when the major had gone out after the dinner was over.

"Don't I?" said Ralph, smiling down at her. "I've put in about fourteen years up here, and only the major to give me a cousinly getting now and then. I'm mighty glad to find another one, even if she's a nineteenth one. The major this morn'g's going to take a house if you and himself."

"Why," Pam caught her breath quickly. "I didn't know that."

"So I will see a great deal of you, I hope."

He stopped and looked into her eyes. Someway they wayned over his gaze. The major's voice had them.

"God bless my heart and soul, you can't you see she's under the mistletoe. I hung it there on purpose."

Ralph stooped, and pressed his lips to the major's cheek, and then he said, "And to our next Christmas together, the little Pam, and you boy, and this old chap who'll be lonely again."

"To next Christmas," said Pam. "Will you kiss me?"

But Pam's eyes only shot happiness, and very demurely

answered the toast:

"To next Christmas!"

(Copyright, McClure Newspaper



ATNA M

proffered papers idly  
at very ere, examin  
"ese?" inquired  
Pedro

"Yep!" said the boy, in response to Pedro's inquiry as to whether Leigh was in. "I'd to your right. Last door!"

DE/ILS OF WAR IN EUROPE

has proved one of the great  
years of history, for it has seen the  
outbreak of the long-expected World  
War. School children a thousand  
years from now will remember 1914  
as they do 1492 and 1776. Following  
is a record of some of the promi-  
nent events of the year, especially the first  
months of the great conflict:

**JANUARY**

10.—Earthquake through New

12.—One hundred and seventy  
whitorm overtakes Newfoundland  
ery the ice.

12.—Twelve Federal Reserve  
dits announced.

15.—Secretary Daniels bars  
drom U. S. navy.

ANTIOCH NEW

Aug. 1.—British fleet sinks five German warships off Heligoland.  
Aug. 1.—Louvain burned by German planes.  
Aug. 1.—Japanese blockade Tsing Tao.  
Aug. 1.—Germans capture LaFere; Russian ships defeated in three days' battle near Tannenberg.

Sept. 12.—German retreat halted.  
Alsné.  
Sept. 16.—Belgian commission to President Wilson against "atrocities."  
Sept. 17.—Austrian armies effected a hold line of San Riva.

Sept 30.—German  
Japanese position before  
OCTO

HER TELL-TALE HANDS

CO  
DO  
ST

ALWAYS JOY IN GOOD  
Pleasure in Doing, No Matter  
the Task Lifts It From

## INDIVIDUALITY IN ONE'S PEN

Mrs. Geo. Faulkner of Wilmot called on friends here Monday.

Miss B. ...

Chris ...

Miss Lelah Kennedy was unable to work at the telephone office the first of the week on account of a severe cold.

**EVIL ALWAYS IN IDLENESS**

Much Truth In Japanese Proverb.

scrapping and bending double before a friend is properly greeted or tea is properly served. But the proverb may not be compelled to work so far as the Japanese make it work in order to do good. It is a question whether

started forward, for just then, com-  
pressing her lips sturdily, she placed  
the tips of her fingers first of one  
acid and then of the other flat deep  
into the acid. She held them up be-  
fore her for inspection. The strange

"I can trust you to forget this circumstance," she spoke. "Yes, I the gentleman in your face. There

asure gives a sense of freedom  
at is a rest, as a wide road rests  
the driver. To know a thing thor-  
ughly and attain mastership in it  
one must be drawn back to it repeat-  
edly by its attractions, and must know

London. In Case and Comment  
us It is that, when here in London  
Somerset house. I turn over the  
multitudinous leaves of old volumes  
covering centuries of disposi ns con

Miss B.  
Chris

work at the telephone office the first of the week on account of a severe cold.

together that they have  
chores which were once  
chores are done out on the  
by the city. It is idle  
the curse of the rich  
Yet it is idleness



# LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Elg Butter Report

ILGIN, Jan. 22.—The Committee declared...

We wish Happy New Year. Wm. Bent Wednesday in Chicago...

Geo. L. a few days in Wauigan...

Walter and family went to Chicago relatives. Mr. Alvers and family are in Chicago.

Harry wife of Chicago, went with Antioch relatives.

Miss of Fond du Lac, returned today after having spent week with Antioch friends.

Mrs. of Chicago spent Christmas with her parents here. Myrtle H. spent her home for week.

Sheep are strong or short, at Webb's.

Dr. and Optometrist in Antioch two weeks at the side of Barber. His next to Jan. 7. Office from 11 to 3 p. m.

The "The Sky Mon" Theatre New Year's...

at this place the death of Mrs. at Gibson City week. No further news. Immediately of program Mr. and M. for that place.

ago the two Mr. and Mrs. fell from a low boat. A little while the parents and that her hand to place no second that the occurrence. Her, who is a physician in Chicago and that one bone in...

Ed in terms. If you have friends or go to and tell us...

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lew VanPat-ten on Wednesday, a son.

Walter Taylor of Wadkagan spent Christmas with Antioch relatives.

"The Sklonster" in four parts at the Crystal Theatre, New Year's Night.

Mr. and Mrs. Farnum and daughter of Norwood spent over Christmas with relatives here.

Mrs. Kelz and two youngest children of Nil, Mich., paid a short visit to relatives here this week.

Ellsworth Shannon of Tuskahoma, Okla., returned to that place Tuesday after a visit to the home of his father here.

The Ladies Aid society will hold its regular meeting Wednesday, Jan. 6. Supper served from 5 p. m. to 7 p. m. Laura Jam, sec.

Frank Hit has just received a fine box of raisins direct from sunny California. Anyone wishing to sample them can do so by calling at his store.

Everything in the footwear line at Webb's.

To members of Irvin Dist. Court No. 547. On account of other meetings in town on Tuesday evening, January 5th it has been decided to postpone meeting until Wednesday evening, January 6th, A. G. Water, R. c.

The third number of the Entertainment court will be given Tuesday evening, Jan. 5, by the Castle Square Entertainers, a vocal and a musical quartet. This is one of the best numbers on the course, so don't miss it.

Miss E. Sorenson, who has been suffering from an attack of appendicitis went to the Wesley hospital Tuesday and on Wednesday she underwent an operation. Word was received the same day that she had stood the ordeal very well.

Of late we have been receiving Chicago papers of various cities that are leaking the Michigan in order to take a look into its wads. But they are much ahead of Antioch at Rosenfeldt doing his best home village in the form of him if the waters of Chicago cold on it meaning...

Gus Smith of Chicago Sunday at the home of Chas. Kelly.

Don't fail to hear the quartet at M. E. Church, Jan. 5.

Mackinaw Post Webb's.

Harold Williams spent the week with the former.

Ruth and Vera K. few friends at the afternoon in honor. A good time was...

Lotus Camp officers on Monday Refreshment members of the invited to at...

J. L. She has occupied the past week to a house will receive of rheumatism.

And hosier...

...this opportunity of  
...you one and all every  
...New Year, and also to  
...public for the generous  
...rded to us during  
...sed.

HILLEBRAND,

BERG'S  
ONSIN

Your Rail Road  
Fare For Radius  
50 Miles Will  
Refunded on Purchase  
of \$15 or over

AL SALE

## THE OTHER REASON

By ROSE ALLACE.

Copyright, 1914, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Wanna sat on the edge of a stream, alt of crisp green branches of water lilies, and saw her. He had come to paint and get away from his sister's many clerical friends, who had always to be occupying the pergola at the house.

He was trying to get a picture in his mind, and was sitting and other, distorting his face when he saw her drop into the water, as it were. He was making of scenery to him for a frieze in his study.

See how or other, young Madson began to sketch the contour of the landscape and work in bits here and there, then seemed a necessary touch, and let her take her place on his canvas almost without meaning to.

A pouring rain prevented the artist from going to paint the next day, but right and early on the third morning he wended his way to the lily pond with palette and brush and all necessary paraphernalia.

He had hardly been to mix his colors when the girl in the same dress and with the same salt in her hair, sat on the edge of the stream and began to look and eat water lilies. George Madson laughed to himself, it was almost weird to think that she should have returned, and was sure she had not seen him.

"She's there again! I'll say she's there," he said indignantly to himself. He folded his easel.

But she was there, and she continued quantities of water lilies and seemed content to be there. The artist began to wish she would notice him, and yet he could not get nearer and get the same picture as before.

He believed as he sat at his nearly completed picture that was the best thing he had done, and the girl in her colorful frock and golden mass of hair sitting so fully on the edge of the stream was the least of it.

There was hardly an excuse left for a young man to go again to paint.

# THE ANTIOCH

VOL. XXVIII.

ANTIOCH, ILL., Jan. 4-Year-

## ATTACK KILLING OF CATTLE

Directors of Milk Producers' Association Warn of Danger to Milk Supply

LEVY TAX TO HELP FARMER

Twenty-five Cents per Cow to Be Collected—Big Meeting Held and Two Directors from Lake Appointed

The directors of the Milk Producers' association at a meeting at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, a few days ago devoted much time to the foot and mouth disease among cattle and hogs and severely criticised the present methods of handling the animals of the herds infected.

It was the unanimous opinion of the directors that the present plans of the government and the several states of exterminating entire herds where but a very few of the animals were affected were a great waste of beef and was entirely useless.

According to statements from herd owners in England, Belgium, France and Germany there is practically no slaughter of animals on account of the disease in those countries.

The sentiment expressed to the directors by cattlemen, as reported at the meeting was that there had been hundreds of thousands of dollars wasted in the slaughter of cattle in this section and that not only a great shortage of beef, but a scarcity of milk would be the result if continued.

It was also stated that prominent...

## MRS. AND MRS. GIDEON THAYER RECEIVE SHOWER

The following letter received from Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thayer who are spending this winter at Chetek, Wis., fully explains itself, we give print it in full as it will probably interest many of our readers:

Chetek, Wis., Dec. 29, 1914.

Dear Editor:

We are having a very pleasant time up here in northern Wisconsin. We had a family reunion Xmas at F. H. Hembrook's, where a large tree was laden with gifts from Santa.

Among the many surprises we received a box marked from Antioch friends. Upon opening same we found cards of various kinds from friends, neighbors, relatives and old mates, over thirty in all.

The shower was thoroughly enjoyed and we wish to thank our friends through the columns of "The News" for helping to make a Xmas for us. Wishing you and prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,  
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thayer

## Young Couple Married

In a Chicago paper of last week there appeared license of John R. Good and Miss Amanda...

same place. The last same as those of a well-coupled couple, who it was doubt contemplating the marriage. Then friends here at the report of being married, and denied that such a thing was seeing that their hearts were the following for this hope, united in marriage and prophet, 22, by Rev. H. B. Bickelsteth.

The many friends of the couple are offering to dine or long and happy...

Lake Michigan strikes, at For the fishing in work—at what? male is successful for Platonie em...

re refused to those, but meets woman it is the of this hour.

## CAZINS HUNT

After Much Pleading, Who Gets Legacy Relative in Ireland.

To a little seven-line story in a Chicago paper nine Mrs. Alice Clement, a woman, ascribes the end of her search which resulted in Lillian Coyne, a fourteen-year-old girl, who left for Ireland with a legacy.

After the search and finding of the girl sounds more like fiction than fact. A page taken from the record of a policeman. Ten years ago Coyne's father died in Chicago. Another married Isaac Melsner of 600 Wells street and died shortly after. Lillian was given into the care of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Morris, who moved to Key West, Fla.

Bishop, an Uncle, Begins Search.

Then, apparently, the rapid changes in the girl's life ceased. For ten years she lived as the child of the Morrises.

Last winter Rt. Rev. Bishop Bernard Coyne of Elphin, Ireland, an uncle of Lillian, started steps to find her. The girl was named by another uncle in his will. Bishop Coyne wrote to Father Cody of Newark, N. J., who in turn wrote to Rev. J. J. Morrissey of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Chicago, asking aid in finding the girl. Father Morrissey went to John J. Halpin, at that time chief of detectives. He placed the case in Mrs. Clement's hands, who told a reporter about it.

Another Uncle Sees Story.

"That story is responsible for the finding of Lillian," said Mrs. Clement. "An uncle by the name of Oscar Busch read the story and called me up. He said the girl had been adopted by the Morrises, who since had moved to Key West. I traced them down there, only to learn that they had moved back to Chicago. I renewed the search here among railroad men because Mr. Morris is an engineer. I learned that he had coal mine in Rosedale, Ind. When I went there, was not in the town. I went to watch for him, but he was not there. Then one day I learned that the Morrises had moved to Rosedale."

## Warner's Safe Remedy

for Kidneys and Liver has been a standard medicine since 1877. It has brought relief to many who have suffered with severe kidney and liver complaints and were ready to give up in despair.

Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00, at your druggists, or direct, post-paid on receipt of price.

Write for Booklet. Warner's Safe Remedies Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

His Own Fault. "Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife." "Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."—Houston Post.

## GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Adv.

Ins and Outs. "What is on the card with our club?"







**Ready Means to Identification.**  
Richardson Wright recently made an appointment to meet a stranger in a Hartford hotel, and over the telephone he described himself as being a round person with an incipient mustache. When the stranger finally found him Mr. Wright asked how he was able to recognize him so quickly. Back came the ready answer: "Looked up 'incipient' in the dictionary."—Kansas City Star.

**Study of Farming in Denmark.**  
For about one hundred years Denmark has had a system of agricultural apprenticeship to teach the practical side of farming. The boys serve three years on farms in different parts of the country, spending one year on each farm and receiving a small wage. They report annually to the Royal Danish Agricultural society, sending in notes on their experience, instruction and observation.

**Cherish Enthusiasm.**  
Faithful work is possible even if enthusiasm is lacking, but no one makes a splendid success without bringing to his task ardor as well as industry. To love your work and believe in its outcome are essential to a high grade of achievement. Cherish your enthusiasms. To try to succeed without them is as foolish as to tie one hand behind your back and see what you can accomplish with the other.

Castle Square Tuesday evening

with the money at

and friend of Chicago

part of the week

parents here.

inrade entertained a

home Monday af-

of Miss Olive Young,

enjoyed.

M. W. A., will instal

Monday evening, Jan. 4.

will be served. All mem-

bers and their families are

end.

erwood, who with his family,

ed the Rinear cottage during

summer, was on Tuesday tak-

hospital at Waukegan where he

ive treatment for a severe case

matism.

they do say that the style in

has changed. It is rumored

a young lady appeared on our

streets one morning this week wearing

the stocking of jet black and the other

brilliant red. Sure we know all

about it, but we aren't going to tell.

Figure it out for yourself.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Somerville entertained

over Christmas, Mr. and Mrs.

G. E. Young from North Bay, Ont.,

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Strangreay of Lodi,

Wis., Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Johnson,

Hasel and Harold Johnson of Marengo,

Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wells, of

Hickory.

Ethel and Lucille Runyard are spend

ing this week with relatives in this vil-

lage and on Wednesday afternoon Mrs.

Wm. Runyard entertained a number of

their former school mates in their

honor. It goes without saying that

the afternoon was enjoyed to the

fullest extent by all present.

Remember that the Milk Producer's

Association will hold a meeting in the

Woodman hall in this village Saturday

afternoon of this week. This meeting

will be of interest to everyone and an

invitation is extended to every farmer.

Chairmen and cow owner as well as

others that may be interested.

"Monster" or Kidnapped

our wonder reels. A time-

showing how a mon-

ster, shows Ger-

trian ocean,

shows the new

Monster Zep-

war balloon

Manoeuvres.

the Crystal

ht, show

ENT

Watch on our club plan.

This is the most liberal

watch offer ever made in

this city.

During the few weeks it

been open, we have

more high grade

than ever before

of a high grade watch of

late design come in and

let us show you one of

the "South Bend"

Watch

South Bend watches

we are offering Un-

plan.

are sure to like its

build im-

ely.

to its timekeeping

ties—well, ask any

who carries a South

what they think of

is the best test

ow of.

aying a South Bend

week is your last chance to buy on these terms

WM. KEULMAN

JEWELER

Antioch, Illinois

SMOKE

"EL RECTOR"

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PHIL C. NIEMAN, Maker

Phone Canal 4478

**Japanese a Patient People.**  
Impatience among the Japanese is a thing you will rarely observe as you travel through their strange and beautiful country. If, on the other hand, you yourself in touring Japan, might upon occasion grow somewhat impatient, you will only become the quiet laughing stock—be it said—of the little Japs themselves. An hour, or even a day, more or less in this oriental country is of little account, and matters cannot be made to move any the quicker because of any irritability.

**To Remove Butternut Meats Whole.**  
Pour hot water over the butternuts and let them stand over night. When treated in this way the nuts are much easier to crack and the meats will come out whole.

**BUY IT TO-DAY**  
300 PICTURES  
250  
300 PAGES  
300 ARTICLES  
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For Father and Son AND ALL THE FAMILY  
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**THE H. I. Co., CIGARS,**

made in Antioch by Harry Isaacs, is by far the best 5 cent cigar manufactured.

Try one and convince yourself.

**For Sale All Over Town.**

## Only one more week

—in which you can buy a high grade South Bend Watch on our club plan.

This is the most liberal watch offer ever made in this city.

During the few weeks it has been open, we have sold more high grade watches than ever before.

### "The South Bend" Watch

South Bend watches are offering Un- plan. are sure to like its build im- ely.

to its timekeeping ties—well, ask any who carries a South what they think of is the best test ow of.

aying a South Bend

week is your last chance to buy on these terms

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SMOKE

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**ELMER BROOK, W. M.**

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Gertrude Brook, Sec'y

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## THE ANTIOCH NEWS

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914

## Importance of Punctuation.

The Boston Transcript, inventing a neat little lesson in the abuse of the comma, observes: "Some of our greatest writers pay no attention to punctuation, but how would they like to be attended by a red cross nurse?" This shows what may be effected by putting in a point where it does not belong, and is opposite of the example in the old grammars, where leaving out a period produced the remarkable statement that "King Charles walked and talked three days after his head was cut off."

## Birds.

The earliest birdlike creature, known as the "pteroactyl," away back in the mesozoic period, was a flying reptile, batlike, and with a stretch of wing of about eight feet. It was very late, geologically speaking, before true birds—birds that sang—came upon the stage.

## New York Newspapers.

Besides thirty-nine newspapers printed in English, New York city has ten in Italian, seven German, seven Yiddish, three Greek, three Hungarian, two French, two Bohemian, two Croatian, one Spanish, Serbian, Syrian and Chinese.

## His Position.

Prospective Father-in-Law—"You've got some crust to ask me for an advance payment of the dowry. I think you are a fortune-hunter." The Count—"Oh, no, monsieur, I am only what you Americans call ze 'Safety First' crank."

## How Insects Breathe.

When a man breathes he uses his muscular strength to draw in the air, and it is afterward forced out automatically. With insects, as a German investigator has just discovered, this process is just reversed. In other words insects take in the air automatically and exert muscular strength only when they expel it.

## Two Things Went Together.

An eccentric clergyman was once told by a parishioner that he was a very odd man. "Yes," the clergyman replied, "I set out to be a very good man, and soon found that I could not be very good without being very odd!"

## Looking to the Future.

New Cashier—"I should like to have an agreement with you to the effect that I shall have a week's notice in case I don't suit." Bank President—"That is easily fixed if you will agree to give us a week's notice before leaving." New Cashier (thoughtfully)—"Well, let it go."—Omaha World.

## Remarkable Hen.

Tommy had always lived in the city, but he was spending his holiday at a farm. One day he frightened the hen from her nest and picked two warm eggs out of the nest. He ran with them to his mother and cried: "Look, mother, the hen out in the barn lays eggs already cooked!"

## An Exception.

Mr. Jones had been scolding his six-year-old daughter, who retorted: "Don't think, papa, that just because you married mamma you have a right to be rude to all women!"

## Shoe String Tips.

When the metal tips come off the shoe strings, wind the end of the string closely and firmly with stout black thread. Then sew through repeatedly. A better tip than ever is the result, and one that never comes off.—Home Department, in National Magazine.

## Uncle Flopsole's Comparison.

"A dog," said Uncle Flopsole, "lies down an' goes to sleep any time o' day. He hasn't the standin' that permits him to pretend that he keeps quiet an' shuts his eyes because he's thinkin'."

## A Legacy.

"Johnston has inherited a wonderful collection of art works, antiques and bric-a-brac." "From an ancestor who was a connoisseur, I presume?" "Not exactly. From an uncle who was a pawnbroker."

## "Made in the U. S. A."

Wild-Eyed Customer—"I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid." Clerk—"This is a hardware store. But we have—er—a fine line of ropes, revolvers, and razors."—Yale Record.

## The Victim.

A gentlemen's agreement usually means that the third gentleman is going to get stung.—Atchison Globe.

## A Difference.

Does the world owe you a living? Or do you owe it a life?

MARKETING WORLD'S  
GREATEST PROBLEMWE ARE LONG ON PRODUCTION,  
SHORT ON DISTRIBUTION.By Peter Radford  
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The economic distribution of farm products is today the world's greatest problem and the war, while it has brought its hardships, has clearly emphasized the importance of distribution as a factor in American agriculture and promises to give the farmers the co-operation of the government and the business men the solution of their marketing problem.

This result will, in a measure, compensate us for our war losses, for the business interests and government have been in the main assisting almost exclusively on the production side of agriculture. While the department of agriculture has been dumping tons of literature on the farmer telling him how to produce, the farmer has been dumping tons of products in the nation's garbage can for want of a market.

## The World Will Never Starve.

At no time since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden have the inhabitants of this world suffered from lack of production, but some people have gone hungry from the day of creation to this good hour for the lack of proper distribution. Slight variations in production have forced a change in diet and one locality has felt the pinch of want, while another surfeited, but the world as a whole has ever been a land of plenty.

We now have less than one-tenth of the tillable land of the earth's surface under cultivation, and we not only have this surplus area to draw on but it is safe to estimate that in case of dire necessity one-half the earth's population could at the present time knock their living out of the trees of the forest, gather it from wild vines and draw it from streams. No one should become alarmed; the world will never starve.

The consumer has always feared that the producer would not supply him and his fright has found expression on the statute books of our states and nations and the farmer has been urged to produce recklessly and without reference to a market, and regardless of the demands of the consumer.

## Back to the Soil.

The city people have been urging each other to move back to the farm, but very few of them have moved. We welcome our city cousins back to the soil and this earth's surface contains 16,092,160,000 acres of tillable land. If they can make a living by tickling the earth with a forked stick, but we do not need them so far as increasing production is concerned; we now have all the producers we can use. The city man has very erroneous ideas of agricultural conditions. The commonly accepted theory that we are short on production is all wrong. Our annual increase in production far exceeds that of our increase in population.

## The World as a Farm.

Taking the world as one big farm, we find two billion acres of land in cultivation. Of this amount there is approximately 750,000,000 acres on the western and 1,250,000,000 acres on the eastern hemisphere. In cultivation. This estimate, of course, does not include grazing lands, forests, etc., where large quantities of meat are produced.

The world's annual crop approximates fifteen billion bushels of cereals, thirteen billion pounds of fibre and sixty-five million tons of meat.

The average annual world crop for the past five years, compared with the previous five years, is as follows:

Crops—	Decade.	Decade.
Corn (Bu.)	3,934,174,000	3,403,655,000
Wheat (Bu.)	3,522,769,000	3,257,526,000
Oats (Bu.)	4,120,017,000	3,508,315,000
Cotton (Bales)	19,863,800	17,541,200

The world shows an average increase in cereal production of 13 per cent during the past decade, compared with the previous five years, while the world's population shows an increase of only three per cent.

The gain in production far exceeds that of our increase in population, and it is safe to estimate that the farmer can easily increase production 25 per cent if a remunerative market can be found for the products. In textile fibres the world shows an increase during the past half decade in production of 15 per cent against a population increase of three per cent.

The people of this nation should address themselves to the subject of improved facilities for distribution.

Over-production and crop mortgage force the farmers into ruinous competition with each other. The remedy lies in organization and in co-operation in marketing.

## Try to Be More Thankful.

Thankfulness is an unfailing spring of happiness. A thankful person is never habitually grumpy. Only ungrateful people are incorrigibly sullen. Even in a somber mood one can dissipate gloom by thinking of his mercies. If you think you can say "I thank you" with a very wry face, try it. The act of pronouncing those words pulls the face into a smile. Many of us could increase the measure of our happiness by deepening our capacity for gratitude.

WE

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prosperous

thank the

patronage a

the year just co

WM.

WE WILL SELL  
EVERYTHING  
AT  
UNHEARD-OF  
PRICESWM. ROSS  
BURLINGTONGREAT REM  
STARTS--SATUR\$25000.00 worth of seasonal  
offered to you. CommenWe have decided to give our p  
apparel, drygoods, silks, etc., etc., ch  
not want to move anymore mercha  
sell every article in our store. W

BE SURE TO ATT

Ladie's and Child-  
ren's Coats

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Coats up to \$10.00  
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and \$20. at  
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ed, All Co  
MUSTREMOVAL  
SALE  
STARTS  
JANUARY



NEWS, ANTIOCH, ILL.

## SIBERIAN TROOPS ARRIVE TO DEFEND WARSAW



Siberian artillery and (inset) infantry photographed in Warsaw just after their arrival there to help defend the city against the German army.

## BARBED WIRE ALONG THE FRONTIER



All along the German-Russian border barbed wire entanglements have been erected by both the Germans and the Russians as a protection against raiding parties from either side. The photograph shows one of these barbed wire entanglements and barricades. All along the road, on both sides of it, are huge stones, painted white. Guards have been placed along the lines to give alarm when a raiding party is seen. These guards are dressed so that they take on the appearance of the wayside rocks. Under the tree in the foreground may be seen one of these guards wearing a white great coat.

## PROCLAIMING THE HOLY WAR



The Sheikh-ul-Islam, Turkish high priest, proclaiming the holy war against the allies, in front of the mosque of Faith in Constantinople.

## WITH GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS

Russian Commander in Chief Directs the Great War Machine Like Clockwork.

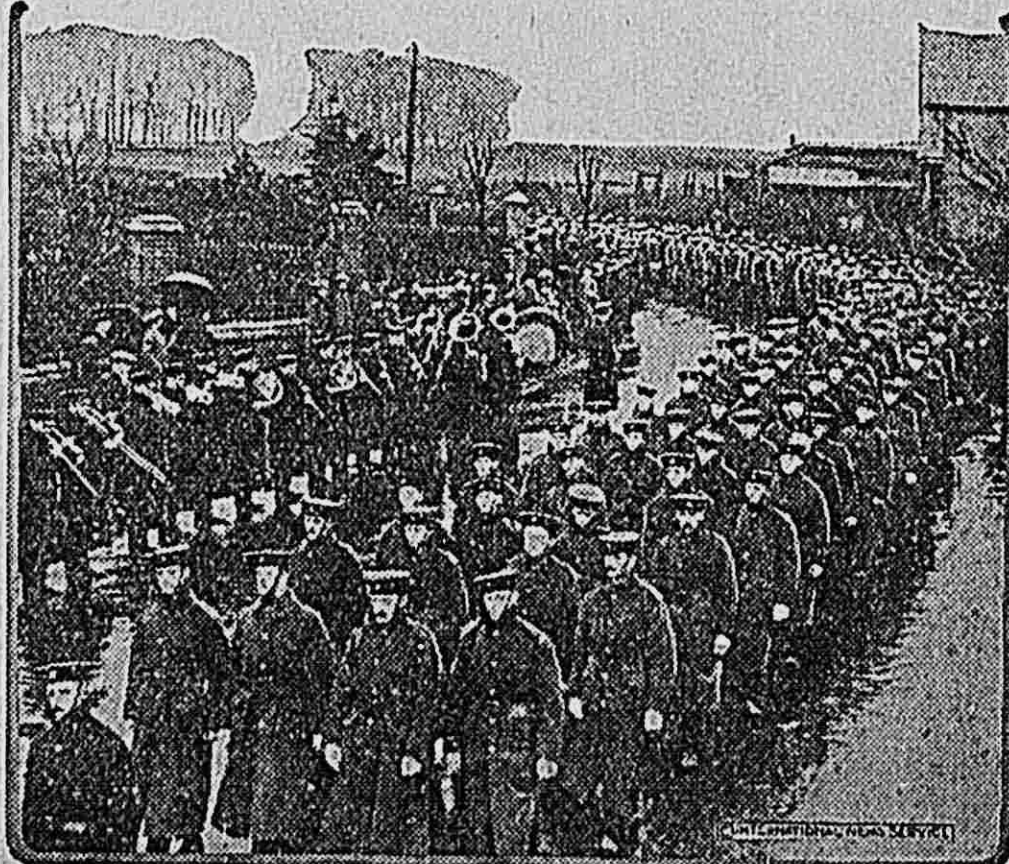
Petrograd.—"What I saw at the quarters of the Russian commander in chief, Grand Duke Nicholas, convince a blind man that Russia made great strides in ten years," writes a correspondent of the New Slovo. "At headquarters there is an individual who is not absolutely necessary for the work to be done. The silence of a monastery is there, and you can distinctly hear the pulse beats of the army. In the early morning, before daybreak, with the grand duke. It is a spartan table. There was no drink—only water—at a quiet meal. Everybody of expression which in there is not a minute to spare. In spite of this, the democratic, there was importance about any-

## RUSSIANS NEAR CITY OF CRACOW



Russian officer with Cossack scouts making observations of the position of the Austrian troops in the vicinity of Cracow.

## FUNERAL OF BULWARK'S VICTIMS



Marines in the funeral procession of the victims of the sinking of the British battleship Bulwark entering the cemetery at Gillingham, England.



## USES U.S. STABILITY

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY  
M'ADOO IS OPTIMISTIC.

Sees "Tremendous Era of Prosperity  
Next Year After Reaction"  
Going to California.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—W. G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, stopped in Chicago a few hours on his way to California.

"I consider it phenomenal that this country should have gone through such a period of business stagnation without a panic," the secretary said in substance. "But everywhere are the signs of a reaction. I look to a tremendous era of prosperity next year. The tide has turned and conditions are already greatly improved over what they were six months ago. We are going to have the greatest period of prosperity we have ever seen."

"What effect has the railroad freight rate increase had in Chicago?" Are the roads taking on more men?" he asked.

"I am receiving reports from all over the country which show that the rate increase and the organization of the reserve banks have done much toward steadying business conditions."

"How about the effect of the European war?" he was asked.

"Any war is injurious to the world, yet we have reached the point where the present war is in some ways an actual benefit. Ever since it began we have unconsciously begun to economize, more so than we did during the financial stringency which preceded it."

IMPORTANT NEWS  
ITEMS

Washington, Dec. 25.—Chairman Henry of the house rules committee announced on Wednesday that he would not call up the Mondell woman suffrage resolution before January 10. Opponents of the resolution will combat it on the ground upon which prohibition was defeated—that both suffrage and prohibition are matters to be decided by the states.

Paris, Dec. 25.—The chamber of deputies on Wednesday voted unanimously an appropriation of 8,500,000,000 francs (\$1,700,000,000) to cover the expenses of the next six months, including the cost of the war.

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 25.—That Provisional President Gutierrez has quit the presidency of Mexico City, due to the differences between him and Gen. Felipe Angeles and followers of Zapata, was reported on Wednesday to T. R. Beltran, local constitutionalist consul.

Columbus, O., Dec. 25.—Former State Senator George K. Catone of Dayton, serving three years in prison for complicity in the legislative bribery scandal of 1911, was pardoned by Governor Cox.

Muscantine, Ia., Dec. 26.—Tom London, half brother of Jack London, the novelist, died here. For years he had lived the life of a hermit.

Tokyo, Dec. 26.—During an interpellation the Japanese minister of foreign affairs, Takaaki Kato, declared that no country had asked Japan to send an army to Europe. The war minister, Lieutenant General Oka, said the Japanese had sent arms to Europe to the value of 10,000,000 yen (\$5,000,000).

## PORTUGAL TO JOIN ALLIES

Chamber of Deputies Adopts Intervention Resolution—To Push Preparations.

Lisbon, Dec. 25.—A formal motion embodying the declaration that Portugal is preparing for "intervention in the war in Europe by the side of Great Britain" was adopted by the chamber of deputies. The motion upholds the facts of the recently formed cabinet, declaring that "the political crisis has been solved along constitutional lines" and that "the first acts of the new government were inspired by a patriotic purpose." The chamber expressed its confidence that the government would push forward its preparations for the military defense of its colonies and for intervention in Europe.

Turks Cross Egyptian Line.  
Berlin (wireless via London), Dec. 25.—Constantinople reports that Turkish troops have passed the Egyptian frontier in force, according to an official announcement made here. Constantinople also reports that Russian forces made a night attack on the Turks east of Koprakej. Many Indian Mohammedans from the British army of occupation in Egypt are deserting to the Turks. Deputations of Indian Mohammedans have been received in Constantinople.

Quincy A. Shaw Taken Ill.  
Boston, Dec. 28.—Quincy A. Shaw, president of the Calumet & Hecla Mining company, has been compelled to relinquish all business because of a physical and nervous breakdown, according to a statement made here.

U. S. Troops to Use Canal.  
San Francisco, Dec. 28.—The United States army transport Buford, with the Thirtieth Infantry aboard, sailed for New York by way of the Panama canal. The troops will be assigned to the Plattsburg barracks.

## 93 ARRESTED BY U. S.

ALMOST EVERY MEMBER OF  
TERRE HAUTE ADMINISTRATION  
INDICTED.

## MAYOR AMONG THOSE TAKEN

Donn Roberts Unable to Secure Bail  
and Goes to Jail—Officials Are  
Charged With Conspiracy to Corrupt  
Election Held Last November 3.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 29.—Practically every member of the city administration of Terre Haute is in the hands of United States authorities as a result of the arrests of 93 persons made there on Saturday on indictments charging a conspiracy to corrupt the election of November 3 last.

Steps taken by Marshal Mark Storen, who is in Terre Haute, indicate that other arrests are to be made. It is said more than one hundred and twenty-five persons were named in the indictments.

Among the men taken were Mayor Donn M. Roberts, who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor in 1916; Dennis Shea, sheriff of Vigo county; Circuit Judge Eli H. Redman, City Judge Thomas Smith and other leading Terre Haute politicians. Unable to furnish bond of \$10,000 demanded by Marshal Storen, Mayor Roberts was included in a party of 21 of the prisoners who had failed to provide bond, was brought to this city and placed in jail. Mrs. Roberts said she would procure bail for her husband.

The others were released on bonds ranging from \$2,500 to \$10,000 each. Sheriff Shea and Judge Redman were given their freedom on bonds of \$10,000 each.

Almost the only important official of Terre Haute that has not been arrested by federal authorities is Edward Holler, chief of police. Chief Holler is now serving a sentence in the Vigo county jail for contempt of court.

Frank C. Dalley, United States district attorney for Indiana, who conducted the investigation which resulted in the grand jury indictments, said that Holler was among those indicted, but that he probably would not be arrested until he had completed his sentence in the Vigo jail.

Mayor Roberts, who is regarded as the leader of the alleged conspiracy to corrupt the Terre Haute election, is charged with many overt acts in the indictment.

He is accused of levying assessments against proprietors of saloons, dance halls, gambling houses, and resorts, to be used for the registration of voters; of hiring men to transport repeaters from one precinct to another; of conspiring to place only men his money could influence on certain election boards; of ordering the arrest of certain men to prevent their voting, and of directing the making of false registration cards.

When the grand jury completes the investigation of Terre Haute conditions it will take up, according to Mr. Dalley, conditions in Indianapolis, which, in the last election, were said to have rivaled Terre Haute conditions in many precincts, and also in Evansville, where a number of organizations have requested Mr. Dalley to make an investigation.

## VILLA LIFTS SIEGE OF NACO

Arizona Border Town Sees Governor  
Maytorena Withdraw Five  
Miles Away.

Naco, Ariz., Dec. 29.—United States citizens of this town came out of their bomb-proofs, took down the steel plates from their windows and joyously toppled over the baled hay barricades surrounding their bullet-riddled dwellings.

The siege of the Mexican town of Naco was lifted Saturday night. Saturday morning it was seen that Gov. Jose Maria Maytorena, the commander of the Mexican besiegers, had evacuated his entrenchments under cover of darkness and withdrawn his forces a distance of five miles to the east, south and west of the position he has held for the last two months.

## BOMB THROWER ENDS LIFE

Dynamiter Hurls Explosive In Temple  
at San Francisco, Cal.—Five Per-  
sons Wounded.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29.—A man named Vavara, believed to have been a religious fanatic, wrecked the Hindu temple at Filbert and Webster streets on Sunday, exploding a dynamite bomb at the feet of the Swami Trigunat during services. Vavara was instantly killed, the bomb blowing him in two. The swami was horribly injured about the legs and feet. A congregation four were injured.

Two Kentuckians Are Killed.  
Lexington, Ky., Dec. 28.—Two Kentuckians, Gillan and Uriah Everly, brother-in-law, were shot to death on Island, Ky., by Chief of Police Taylor. Both men resisted and were fired on by policeman, who killed them.

Family Wiped Out.  
Lebanon, Ill., Dec. 29.—Within forty minutes of the time a fire broke out in the home of Viola Hagerman, aged eight, and her mother, the family was wiped out.

## ROUT

ENGLISH AVIATOR  
TON FLYER

Thought Naval  
get—Raider  
to

London, Dec. 28.—

aerial raid on London. The aeroplane was defeated by the vigilance of the British corps. The Star, the official announcement of the official announcement states that a German aeroplane seen over Gravesend, practised a low flight over the Thames, flying in the direction of London. British pursued it and several shots were fired, without success. No were dropped.

A hostile biplane was sighted over Sheerness harbor at 12:35. The machine was traveling at speed from the east directly to London.

Naval lookouts at Sheerness sighted the hostile flyer at a great height and a British machine was sent up to intercept it.

A battle in the air followed in which the British aviator hit the enemy's machine three or four times. After a sharp engagement the raider was driven eastward over the sea with the British flyer in pursuit.

Thousands of persons gathered at the sea front to witness the battle. The British machine was not prepared for a long flight and the English aviator returned to Sheerness.

At first it was thought the German was intent upon dropping bombs on the naval arsenal at Sheerness or on some of the British warships anchored there.

Sheerness is in the mouth of the Thames and about thirty-five miles from London.

## ITALIANS LAND IN ALBANIA

Troops Aid Inhabitants in Revolt  
Against Turkish Rule—May  
Cause War.

London, Dec. 28.—A violent revolution has broken out in Albania against Essad Pasha, whom Turkey established as ruler there when the Ottoman government broke into the European war.

Essad Pasha's palace at Tirana has been pillaged and burned. Massacres are reported.

The Italian government has landed sailors from the warships at the principal Albanian port of Avlona to restore order and protect Europeans and the peaceful inhabitants.

Italian intervention may embroil Italy with her recent foe, Turkey, and holds possibilities of far-reaching results.

Recent dispatches from Athens by way of Paris said that anarchy reigned at Avlona and that the region around the Albanian seaport was a prey to civil war.

Italian naval forces occupied Avlona on October 26. The expedition was in a relief expedition.

## PROSPERITY SURE TO COME

President of Steel Corporation As-  
serts War Profits United  
State \$300,000,000.

New York, Dec. 25.—"The era of prosperity that I saw weeks ago is as sure as summer. I know for sure. Europe has placed its manufacturers orders worth of goods for a year. Our only difficulty is providing facilities for the production of the goods. Charles M. Schwab, Bethlehem Steel, returned on the ship."

"We only need land was to construction. Bryan told me that boats of the navy."

## THREE

Aero Pilot Is Lost at Sea Near Helgoland—London Claims All Explosives Took Effect—Teutons Repulsed Foes—Metz and Brussels Shelled.

London, Dec. 29.—An official announcement given by the admiralty on Sunday describes the most spectacular battle in the history of warfare, in which land batteries, warships, submarine boats, aeroplanes, hydroplanes and Zeppelins were engaged.

The battle is that which resulted when the combined British sea and air fleets attacked the German naval station at Cuxhaven, on the south bank of the Elbe's mouth, across from the entrance to the Kiel canal.

The statement follows: "On Friday, December 25, German warships lying in Schillig roads, off Cuxhaven, were attacked by seven naval aeroplanes.

"The attack was delivered at daylight, starting from a point in the vicinity of Helgoland.

"The British seaplanes were escorted by a light cruiser and a torpedo boat destroyer force, with submarines. As soon as these ships were seen by the Germans at Helgoland two Zeppelins and three or four hostile seaplanes, acting in conjunction with several hostile submarines, attacked them.

"A naval combat ensued between most modern cruisers on the one hand and the enemy's air craft and submarines on the other.

"By swift maneuvering the enemy's submarines were avoided, and the Zeppelins were easily put to flight by the guns of the Undaunted and the Arctura.

"The enemy's Zeppelins dropped bombs near our ships without hitting any of them.

"The British ships remained for three hours off the enemy's coast. Six air pilots were picked up.

"Three other air pilots were picked up later, according to arrangement, by British submarines which were standing by, their machines being sunk.

"One pilot, Flight Commander Hewitt, is missing. His machine was seen wrecked about eight miles from Helgoland, and his fate is at present unknown.

"The extent of the damage done by the British airmen's bombs cannot be estimated, but all the missiles were discharged on points of military importance.

Berlin, via wireless to Sayville, L. I., Dec. 29.—An attack by British cruisers, destroyers and hydroplanes on the German naval base in the North Sea of which Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven are important centers, is reported in a statement from the admiralty here. The attacks were made December 25.

"The admiralty reports that on December 25 eight British ships made a dash into a German bay. Hydroplanes conveyed by them advanced against the mouths of the German rivers and hurled bombs at the anchored ships there and a gas tank near Cuxhaven, without hitting them or doing any damage. The hydroplanes were fired upon and withdrew to the west.

"German airships and aeroplanes reconnoitered against the British forces and hit with bombs two British destroyers and one convoy. Fire started on the latter. Fog prevented a continuation of the fighting."

London, Dec. 29.—English and French aviators, according to official announcements issued on Sunday, have carried out successful aerial attacks upon the important aviation bases of the Germans at Metz and Brussels.

The aviation hangars at Fresecaty, near Metz, were bombarded and it is believed considerable damage was done. Bombs and arrows were dropped upon the railway station at Metz and upon the military barracks at St. Privat, just outside the town.

At Brussels 12 bombs were dropped on the Etherbeek airship shed, six of which were effective. The German hangar was burned.

An unofficial dispatch received by the Exchange Telegraph company from Rosendaal says:

"It is rumored here that a Zeppelin was sighted near Neuport and was shot at by the allies and all its occupants killed in the debris of the airship as it descended."

With dramatic suddenness the French avenged the Zeppelin attack on Nancy, in which two persons were killed and a number wounded.

France Orders Wrappers.  
Chicago, Dec. 28.—France has ordered 250,000 pounds of felt wrappers for the soldiers' canteens from a local company.

British Raid Dardanelles.  
Athens, via Paris, Dec. 29.—It is reported that an English submarine entered the Dardanelles and destroyed three of the five series of mines which had been laid in the channel. The submarine escaped undamaged.

Believes German Raider Lost His Life.  
London, Dec. 29.—The German aviator who tried to attack the British naval base at Sheerness is believed to have perished. A lighthouse in the North sea said an aeroplane fell into the water.